

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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HERO OF THE MEDWAY MARSHES

See
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DISCOVERERS IN THE CLOUDS

HAVE OUR AIRMEN SEEN
SODOM OR GOMORRAH?

How They Found a Portrait of
Alexander in Aboukir Bay

GO ABOVE AND SEE BELOW

Our airmen have seen the ruins of a town under the Dead Sea.

The aeroplane is now used for searching for objects concealed by many waters. Thus secrets of thousands of years have been revealed and treasures long lost and forgotten brought back for man's enjoyment.

One of the most interesting of such treasures is a beautiful carved head of Alexander which formerly adorned the wall of a building submerged ages ago under Aboukir Bay. A British officer flying over this bay noticed on the sea bottom two groups of ruins.

The fishermen who trawl these waters confirmed his report, and a diver was sent down to investigate.

Secret of the Dead Sea

Three fathoms deep the diver slowly made his way through columns of red granite and picked up this new-old sculpture of the Greek king. A terror to most of the nations of his day, Alexander was hailed as a saviour by the Egyptians because he delivered them from the hands of the invading Persians.

We trust that it will not be long before a diver puts to the test the latest discovery. It is nothing less than a ruined town lying under the turbid waters of the Dead Sea; it is suggested that this ruined place may be the Sodom or Gomorrah of the Bible. Old tradition declares that the Dead Sea holds the secret of these towns.

Mysteries of Palestine

The aeroplane is being used for surveying Palestine and may solve many a mystery of that sacred land, as it has solved mysteries in our own country. It was from an aeroplane that Mr Osbert Crawford discovered the course of the Sacred Way to Stonehenge and saw the strange patches in the growing cornfield which led to the discovery of Woodhenge, the amazing temple of wood which was a model and a forerunner of Stonehenge itself, and has now been reconstructed with concrete posts where the wood posts have disappeared. It was from the clouds that we discovered this monument after thousands of years.

The site of many a Bronze Age camp in England has been first seen from the air, and ruins unintelligible on the ground can be easily identified from the clouds, or from photographs taken from the clouds.

Strange it is that the oldest works of man should elude man's searching until he rides into the clouds to find them on the Earth.

Three Threes Make Nine



Three boats of the Nautical College at Pangbourne



Three drummers of the Gordon Highlanders



Three little riders on Filey Beach, Yorkshire

WORK FOR 1000

A SAILOR TO THE
RESCUE

Flying Squads To Help Our
Farmers

QUAKER LADY'S BRIGHT IDEA

Commander Lacy, a naval officer on leave, has been using his holiday to work out plans to put a thousand unemployed at work on the land in the next few months.

This naval officer is the honorary organiser of the Agricultural Camps Committee, which is arranging to send out flying squads of unemployed to help farmers throughout the year. The men will work in teams of 12, 20, or 40; they will live under canvas in camps controlled by Camp Commanders; and they will only be called to work in districts where local help cannot be had.

The Prime Minister's Approval

The Committee is quite a private venture; but the Prime Minister and Dr Walter Elliot, Minister of Agriculture, have sent a gift of £500 to forward the work. Sir Percy Alden found a friend of his own to give another £200, and he has himself given the Committee office room in Gordon Square.

Commander Lacy told the C.N. that he got his idea from Miss Maud Bower, a Quaker lady famous for helping others to help themselves. During 1931 Miss Bower ran one or two of these agricultural camps.

The workers will be well housed, well fed, and well paid.

The first camp began on April 25, at Sompting in Sussex, where twenty men were set to work for a firm of chrysanthemum-growers under Major W. S. Hooker. There will be another camp at Sompting in August for fruit-picking.

Major Hooker will be in charge of a larger camp of forty men in June, to help a farmer at Thakeham near Worthing.

The Strawberry Season

Further arrangements are for a camp from the end of May to the beginning of October, when a dozen men will be sent to work for a farmer at Warsash in Hampshire. It is hoped that a fine summer will bring a bumper strawberry season to this county. If so there will be work for many more men.

Other camps will help farmers in Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire, Wiltshire, Hereford, Shropshire, Devon, and Somerset—in fact, in all the fruit, flower, and vegetable-growing districts. But the Committee has fixed an imaginary line drawn westward from the Wash; and north of this they will not send their men. Firstly because it is too far for their limited resources; and secondly because there are no fruit-growing districts north of this line.

The Cutlers Guild of Sheffield has been most generous in gifts of cutlery and tools of all kinds.

ECHO OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

A Brave Man's Name ENGLISHMAN'S PLAQUE IN PARIS

It is pleasant to think that the plaque to commemorate Charles Labussière which has just been unveiled at the Comédie Française was the gift of an Englishman.

Mr W. R. H. Trowbridge, who is a student of the French Revolution, desired to save the brave man's name from being forgotten, and the memorial was set up at the Comédie Française because Labussière was an actor.

During the Reign of Terror he was appointed Registrar of Accusations at the offices of the Committee of Public Safety, and it was his task to register the charges and then pass them on to the terrible tribunal headed by Fouquier-Tinville. That tribunal hardly ever acquitted anyone. To pass before it was but to pass to the guillotine.

One day Labussière handled a paper which accused someone whom he knew to be an honest man. He was filled with horror. After much wrestling with his conscience he hid the paper instead of sending it on to Fouquier-Tinville. Days passed by. The case appeared to be forgotten. He soaked the paper in water, rolled it into a little ball, and tossed it into the Seine. A life had been saved.

Risking the Guillotine

After that he did the same thing for more than a thousand people he believed to be innocent.

It was a deed of great bravery, for it was done during the Reign of Terror, when there were spies everywhere; and, of course, discovery would have sent him straight to the guillotine. Each day saw batches of people hustled through the streets to die a horrible death amid jeering crowds; the danger was ever before him, yet he held bravely on with his perilous work.

Perhaps the anxiety of those days was the reason for the insanity which came upon him at the close of his life. He was always poor, partly, it is said, because of jealous intrigues, but we have no doubt it was partly through his generosity. A man who would risk his life a thousand times for others would never be able to refuse a beggar. Labussière had no reward while he lived, but now he has the reward a brave man would prize most, an honoured memory.

THE TREADER OF THE GALLANT WAYS

A great host of people have been saddened by the passing of Mr J. C. Stobart, the Education Director of the B.B.C., who started the Epilogue with which the programme closes down each Sunday. This is what was said of him in the Epilogue which was his memorial the other night.

In serenity and peace, as we believe, treading more gallant ways, known now as he was known, we remember in this Epilogue John Clark Stobart, the master of Epilogue. Of wide scholarship and determined Christian principle, humble of heart and of great good humour, his name is secure in the gratitude and affection of those whom here and far more everywhere he served devotedly and well.

A GIANT STATUE OF JESUS

Switzerland is to have a statue of Jesus more than twice as high as the famous Christ of the Andes. A site has been chosen for it beneath the soaring heights of Mont Blanc, nearly a hundred feet high, not far from Copeau in the valley of Chamoni.

As in the majestic figure in the Andes, Jesus will be shown with His hand raised in benediction.

THE TAXERS AND BURNERS

Mr De Valera and Herr Hitler

GERMANY AND IRELAND RETURN TO THE DARK AGES

Herr Hitler and Mr De Valera have something in common, for both are endeavouring to stifle the sources of knowledge, one by burning books and suppressing newspapers, the other by putting a tax of two-thirds of a penny on all imported daily papers.

It is 400 years since London saw a blaze of books such as Berlin has just seen; that far-off occasion was when the Bishop of London burned the English Bible of William Tyndale in the churchyard of Old St Paul's.

Milton's Noble Saying

Occasional tracts and books were committed to the flames by the common hangman in Stuart times and Milton's Defence of the English People was suppressed at the Reformation; but Milton's noble saying

Give me liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all other liberties

has been our national prerogative for centuries and the Freedom of the Press has been enshrined in the written Constitutions of many nations.

Germany, the birthplace of the printed book, is burning the works of those living and dead writers whose opinions do not fit in with the man who has just been nationalised and has made himself a Tyrant; but no amount of suppression has ever extinguished knowledge, and civilisation has long laughed at the endeavours of rulers to direct a nation's opinions in this primitive way.

As to the tax on foreign newspapers, it will at least place them on a superior plane to the native papers, but Ireland will lose.

THE RAILWAY UMBRELLA

No One Will Borrow It

Those who believe that man is a natural umbrella-borrowing creature will be surprised to hear that the Southern Railway's scheme for hiring out umbrellas has not been successful.

Looking round at its accumulation of lost umbrellas and its stream of umbrella-forgetting travellers, the Southern thought it would put one and one together, and announced its hiring scheme.

But it appears that, though people will borrow books from libraries and not bother their heads about who read them last, or where, they are more particular about umbrellas. Only their best friend's best umbrella is good enough.

It has been suggested that if the Southern Railway's umbrellas were housed in some place more attractive than the station cloakroom the scheme might win more favour. Certainly a railway cloakroom is the last place any of us would go to from choice, especially with spirits already damped by the rain.

We can imagine bright, cheerful places where it would be a pleasure to borrow an umbrella; perhaps a few flowers at the door, a well-lit room, and a smiling young woman to give us the pick of the bunch. But, our stations being the dismal places they are, most of us would prefer to face the rain than to linger in them a minute longer than we need.

It is possible that if our railway companies would brighten up their stations, especially the cheerless cells called Waiting Rooms, they might get us in the humour to do all sorts of things, even to travel by train.

A GUINEA PIG IN THE PULPIT

The Rector of Trinity Church, Southend, illustrated a talk to children with live lizards, a pigeon, newts, and a guinea pig, which he had in the pulpit.

MAN OVERBOARD AND BACK AGAIN

The Day of the Windjammer

The day of the windjammer is not really over, as we have seen from our picture pages.

The Archibald Russell, a four-masted barque from Wallaroo, Australia, arrived at Falmouth after a voyage of 118 days fraught with adventure.

One gale swept away three lifeboats. Another ripped eight sails to shreds in 15 minutes. A stowaway emerged from the main hatch on the fifth day of the voyage, little guessing that the hatch covers were to be fastened with chains on that very afternoon.

But the greatest excitement of the voyage was the sea which washed a man overboard, and the next greatest excitement was the sea which washed him back again! There can be very few men who have had this extraordinary experience.

The skipper, Captain Ojst, complains that the voyage was disappointing on account of a succession of calms and head winds. He does not grumble about the gales. That is what it is like to be a real sailor.

AN EX-PRIME MINISTER PENILESS

German Chancellor's Sad Fate

The Hitler dictatorship in Germany has produced a bitter crop of suicides.

Many distinguished German Jews, unable to bear the fate that has come upon them, their life-work destroyed, their families reduced to penury, have chosen to die.

Among the German Socialists there are also many victims. In 1919 Philip Scheidemann became German Chancellor when the Kaiser fled to Holland, but refused to accept the Treaty of Versailles. Rather than sign it he resigned the Chancellorship and retired into private life with a pension. Herr Hitler stopped the pension and he became penniless at 68. He has just applied for State sickness relief, which amounts to 12s 6d a week.

Never in fiction was there such a tragic change in circumstances as this reduction of a great man from Prime Minister of a nation of nearly 70 million people to utter pauperism.

For ourselves we fail to understand how the head of a Christian State can create conditions in which such things are possible. In that, again, fact beats fiction, for in a novel or a play we should consider it an outrage on probability if an author pictured such happenings.

TWO TOWNS AND A GUIDE BOOK

A Question of Truth

A strange suit has been decided at the Courts of Justice which rise so high above the city of Brussels.

Baedeker's, the famous guide book publishers of Leipzig, have there had a suit brought against them by the towns of Dinant and Aerschot for damaging statements in the English and German accounts of the towns. The firm is ordered to alter these passages and pay the costs of the prosecution.

The Belgian towns based their case on the grounds of historical truth, and the case should be a warning to all writers that a community as well as an individual has a right to defend its fair name against traducers.

Mr H. Strangeways of Garforth descended a 90-foot pitshaft and rescued a dog which was whining piteously.

THE DESTROYER

HERR HITLER, Chancellor of Germany and its Dictator, has done so much in his short reign (it is a reign, for he is virtually king) that we may well summarise what may be regarded as his chief accomplishments.

1. **The German Republic Destroyed.** He has destroyed the Republican Constitution which was established in Germany after the war.

2. **German States Superseded.** He has for practical purposes abolished the many ancient German States which constituted the German Empire and afterwards the German Republic.

3. **The Jews Persecuted.** He has persecuted 600,000 German Jews, depriving great men of their offices, professions, and livelihoods, and driving many to suicide.

4. **Forced Labour.** He is compelling all German citizens to work at manual labour for a certain period of their lives.

5. **Social Democrats Suppressed.** He has destroyed the great German Social Democratic Party, which had a voting strength of over seven millions.

6. **Trade Unions Destroyed.** He has closed down all the German Trade Unions, many of them bodies of great size and strength.

7. **Communists Suppressed.** He has destroyed the German Communist Party, which had a voting strength of five millions.

8. **Abolition of Free Speech.** He has abolished freedom of speech; no man dare raise his voice in criticism of the new order.

9. **Abolition of Free Press.** He has destroyed the freedom of the Press, which can now only say what it is told to say.

10. **Prussianism Revived.** He has revived the Prussian spirit, the Spirit of Force, in its worst form.

11. **Foreign Opinion Outraged.** He has antagonised the opinion of the entire world by his acts and has isolated Germany.

It remains to be seen what Herr Hitler intends to put in the place of what he has so quickly destroyed.

THINGS SAID

I am 85 and the mother of 11 children, all living and enjoying life.

From a letter in The Times

Destiny has chosen me. Herr Hitler

Never have a drink when you are motoring. Sir Albert Ball

We have no slums.

Bradford-on-Avon to the Ministry of Health

A man can make money without any education. Mr St John Ervine

The Disarmament Conference has more lives than a cat. Manchester Guardian

I dread weak nations for the reason that they tempt the powerful.

Dr F. W. Norwood

There is no cure for any troubles except that men should behave in a Christian spirit. Dean of Durham

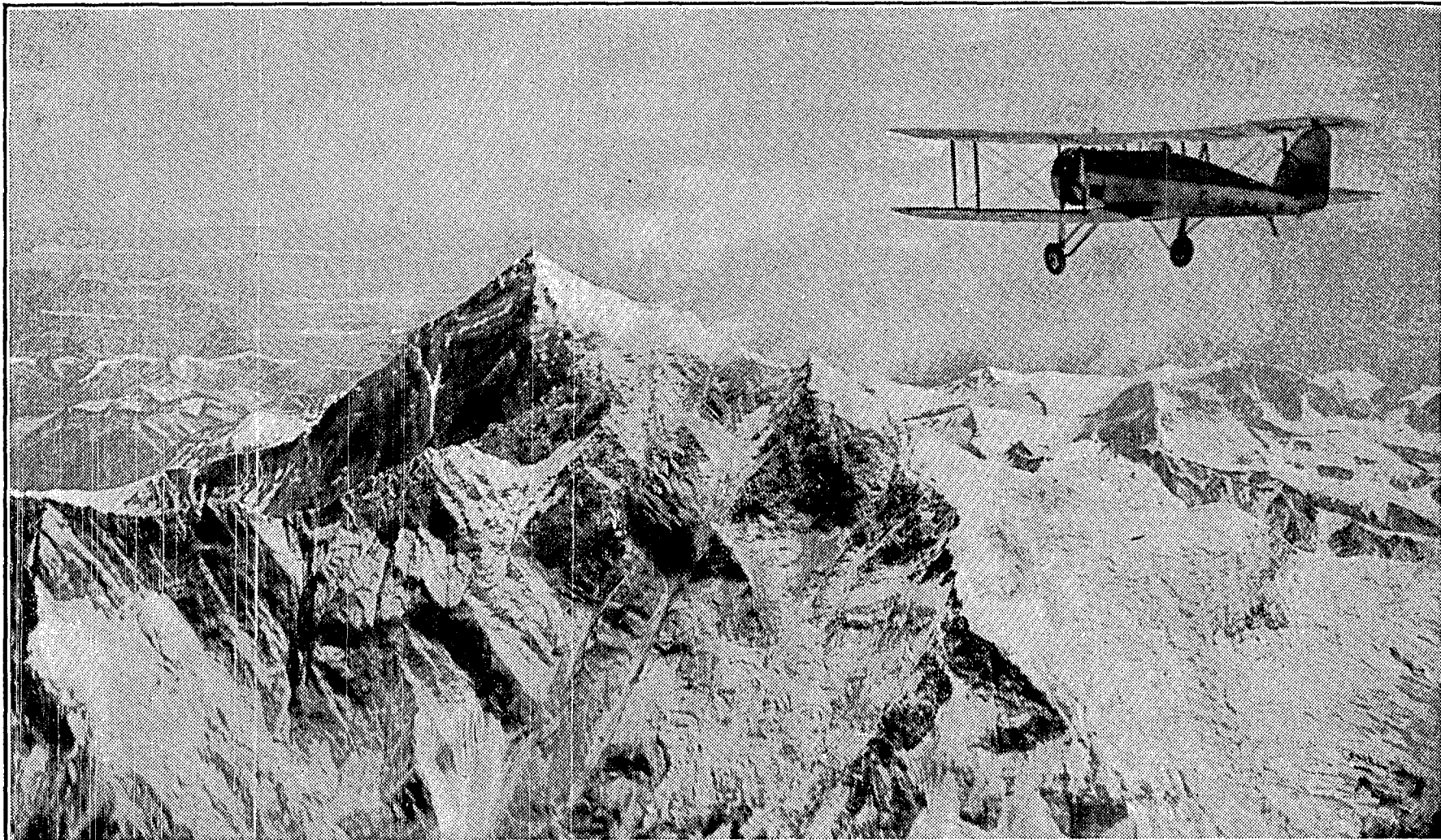
I am certain that if the Polish Corridor is not wiped out of the map war is inevitable. Sir Philip Gibbs

May 27, 1933

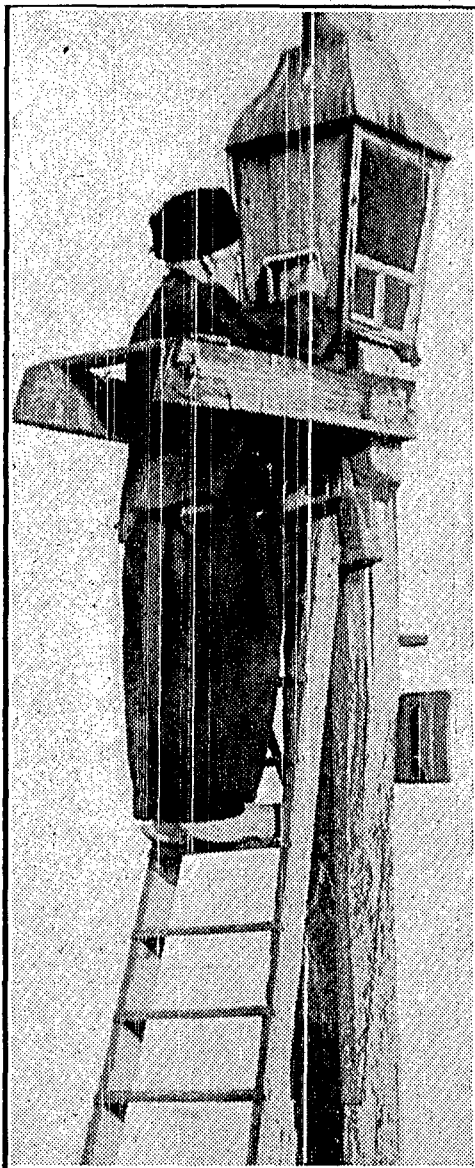
The Children's Newspaper

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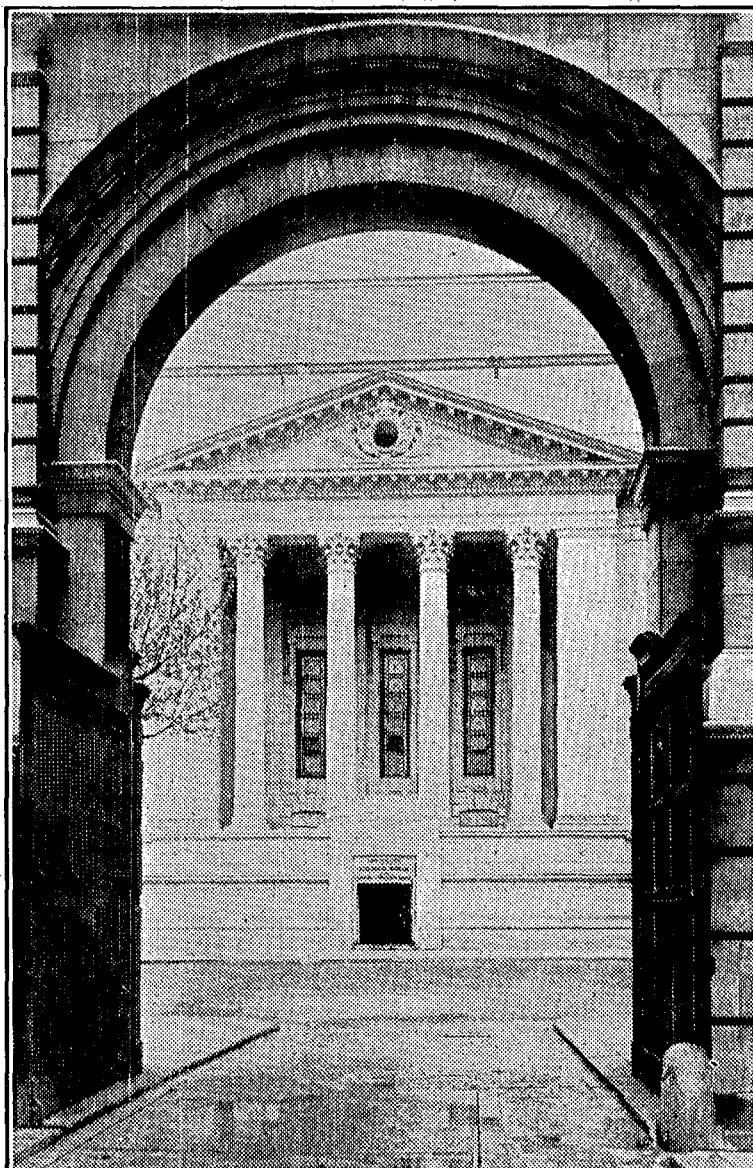
FLYING OVER EVEREST · THE WORLD CONFERENCE · CANADA'S MEMORIAL



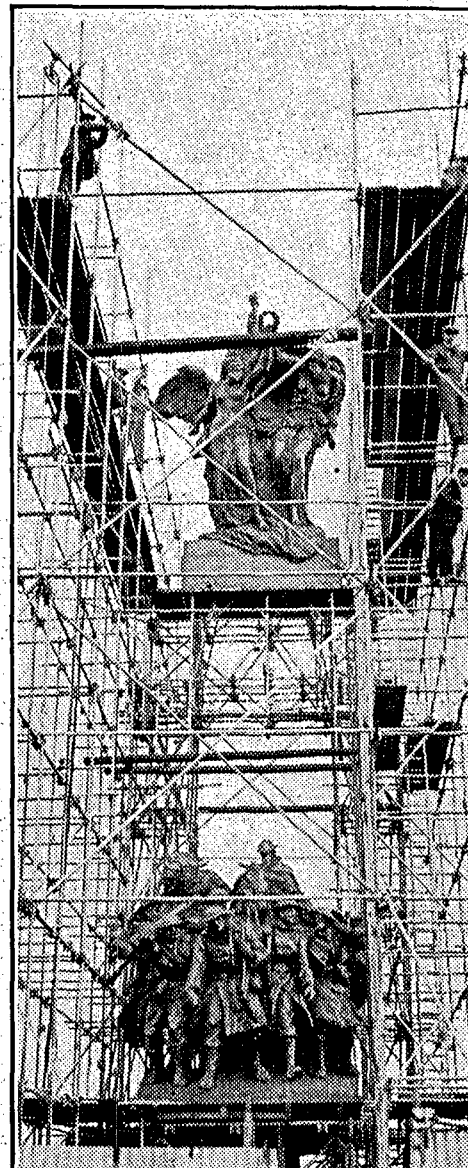
Approaching Mount Everest—This thrilling photograph was taken from one of the aeroplanes which made the second flight over Everest. It was taken at a height of 32,000 feet, and shows the machine piloted by Lord Clydesdale within a few miles of the highest point on the Earth's surface. World copyright by The Times.



The Fisherman's Light—The Zuyder Zee fishing villages have been stranded by the reclamation scheme, but this old sailor still lights the lantern that once guided the boats to port.



The World Conference—Here is a glimpse of the new Geological Museum and offices of the Geological Survey in South Kensington, where the important World Economic Conference is to open next month. See page 4.



Canada's Memorial—The great Canadian War Memorial, temporarily erected in Hyde Park, is here shown being dismantled for shipment to Canada. It is to be set up in Ottawa.

A SUCCESS AT SANDRINGHAM

The King Fills His Linen Cupboard From His Fields

NORFOLK'S NEW INDUSTRY

Her linen cupboard has ever been a source of pride to the English housewife, and constant efforts are always being made to improve the quality of our linen. There is a Linen Industry Research Association which aims at establishing pedigree strains of flax for this purpose.

Its director has been telling an interesting story about this work. Many years ago the King visited an exhibition held by the Association at South Kensington and was so interested that, when the suggestion was made that the soil of Norfolk might prove ideal for raising pedigree flax seed, he offered three acres of his estate at Sandringham for the experiment.

How Success Was Achieved

Flax was grown, the fibres were extracted in an experimental station set up by the Association at Lambeg in Ireland, the fibres were sent to spinning mills in Ulster, and the resulting yarn went to selected factories to be made up into fabrics. Every stage was carefully watched, and the goods which had seen their origin in the fields of Sandringham became the property of the King and Queen.

Such success was achieved that now 120 acres are to be devoted at Sandringham to more ambitious experiments. Valuable knowledge is to be gained from the influence on the crops of different rotations of crop and different rates of sowing.

This is a case for congratulations all round.

THE MINER'S FLYING SQUAD

Ready, Aye Ready

In Howe Bridge, Lancashire, is a small red-brick building with a big name.

Fifteen men spend the greater part of their lives in it, for they are the Flying Squad of the Coalfields, members of the Howe Bridge Mines Rescue Station.

The station was formed two years ago, and is supported by the Department of Mines and a tonnage levy in Lancashire and Cheshire. Every man lives within a hundred yards of the station, and may not go more than a mile from it even in leisure. Wherever he goes he must leave instructions for finding him, and must hurry to his post on the firing of three rockets. He can go home once in three weeks—between 10 p.m. on Friday and 6 a.m. on Monday.

Thirty-two is the average age of these men, who have all been colliers and know at least one district of the coalfields like their own backyards. All are active and fearless, for if not they could never belong to this Squad, which is for ever diving underground to rescue comrades from fire or falls or gas.

The station itself has been made into what is virtually a miniature death-trap; for here the men practise for hours the best methods of rescue and prevention. Even at the station their work is so dangerous that escape doors are fitted and gas-masks are always at hand.

THE MERSEY OPTIMIST

Merseyside is the world's biggest optimist. She feels coming prosperity in the air, and is preparing for it.

She has just opened a dock which will hold the world's biggest ships.

Now that Bidston Dock is completed Merseyside can boast 2000 acres of dock area, with 40 miles of quays and 650 acres of water-space. Bidston Dock alone has 87 acres of factory space and room for extending a further 1500 feet when required.

ROUND BRITAIN WITH MR BUMPUS

By Our Town Girl

"There is real life for you embodied in that little cart," Kenneth Grahame in *The Wind in the Willows* says; and we might change the word Cart for Book.

"The open road, the dusty highway, the heath, the common, the hedgerows, the rolling downs, camps, villages, towns, cities. Here today and gone tomorrow. Travel, change. . . . The whole world before you and a horizon that's always changing."

The next best experience to seeing our country, and a very close relation to that experience, is to read about it. This we are reminded of by a London bookshop which has turned a special room into a travel room for the British Isles.

In the room's centre stands a signpost with white arms pointing to England, Ireland, and Scotland (Wales being included in England), and on each wall to which the arm shows the way hangs a map of that country.

But the names marked on these maps seem strange on a map, however familiar they are to us. They are such names as Black Beauty, Pilgrim's Progress, George Eliot, Tom Brown's Schooldays, Bleak House, Lorna Doone, Widdicombe Fair.

The maps are at Bumpus's Bookshop in Oxford Street for a few weeks, and the shelves are filled with books about our Motherland. One could hardly have thought there could be so much written about our little islands, but the fund of interest is inexhaustible, and we know there is much still unwritten. There are posters round the walls by famous artists, and altogether this concentrated patch of the British Isles is well worth a visit. It is as free as they are.

METAL WIRELESS VALVES

What is a Catkin?

The familiar glass valves in our wireless sets appear to be on their way to the lumber-room.

From the General Electric laboratories at Wembley has come the revolutionary invention of an all-metal valve. It is claimed that it has all the efficiency of the glass bulb, with several other advantages. In the first place it is practically unbreakable, and can be dropped or knocked about without being damaged. The metal construction makes it so rigid that the electrodes are not displaced even by rough treatment.

In the old type of valve the anode, or plate, is inside the glass bulb; in the new valve the anode takes the form of a copper cylinder which actually contains the vacuum. This copper container is enclosed in a metal sheath perforated with diamond-shaped holes. Thus the valve is air-cooled and will work at a lower temperature than glass valves.

It is, in fact, something like a miniature transmitting valve in which the anode is water-cooled. Such valves are known as Cooled Anode Transmitters, or C.A.T.s, so their new little brothers are called Catkins.

An important point in their favour is that the process of manufacture will be simplified.

WHY?

I wonder how many realise that the Army last year spent £150,000 on stationery and printing, and that this year it will spend about £138,000 on this item when the Army numbers only 148,000 men. Mr Gluckstein, M.P.

A SAINT'S BODY IN A WALL

One of the Early Martyrs DISCOVERY OF A SECRET HIDING-PLACE

Every August for more than 130 years the nuns of a convent at Caltagirone in Sicily have kept a mysterious festival.

The church is illuminated, and all over the countryside are heard merry bells. But only the nuns knew what feast it was that was being celebrated, and they would never divulge the reason of their rejoicing.

Now the secret is out. The other day some workmen carrying out alterations in the church and convent of San Salvatore came by chance on a hollow place in the church walls, and to their amazement discovered the body of a woman. It was so well preserved that they believed she had died not long ago, and had been secretly buried there.

Fear of the French Revolution

But they were wrong. The chance blows of their pickaxes had revealed the secret resting-place of a forgotten saint, and the people of Caltagirone are overjoyed at the discovery. The Bishop of Messina was able to prove that the body was that of the Roman virgin Gaudenzia, a saint of great beauty who was tortured and martyred during the persecution of the Christians 1400 years ago. Her name was written on a marble stone, and by her side was a phial.

It was a short time before the French Revolution that the body of Saint Gaudenzia was brought to Sicily from Italy and laid in one of the church chapels. Everywhere the revolutionary spirit was spreading, and the nuns, fearing the precious relics might be desecrated, hid them within the walls, where for 130 years they have kept inviolate the secret of their hiding-place.

KEEPING ON AT 81 No Pension Wanted Here

Jason Willan is 81; but Jason Willan can still work, and refuses, on principle, to draw the old age pension.

He is to be seen any day, in all weathers, between Eastgate and Westgate in Weardale, where he is employed as a roadman by the Durham County Council. His three miles of road is recognised by the Council as being the best-cared-for strip in the county.

For the past forty years Jason Willan has not lost a day's work through illness. "There's nothing like hard work and the air of the dales for keeping a man fit," says he, "and if I had a day off I should be lost, so I might as well keep working."

But work is not his only interest in life. Mr Willan is a collector of curios and a connoisseur of chessboards and chessmen. Some of his chessboards are from the 15th century.

THE WORLD FROM A BASEMENT

When the World Economic Conference takes place in London in June the delegates will find a wonderful telephone system in the basement of the Geological Museum in Kensington.

We are told that never before has there been such an installation of telephones on such a scale, and the delegates will be able to talk to any part of the world except China and Japan.

A special post office is also being built in the same basement.

MISSING ENGLAND

The motorist who drives 60 miles an hour rarely knows or cares what county he is in and rarely enjoys the loveliness of England. It is those who stride through woods and over hills, who sleep under the stars in meadows and hear the nightingale sing in its own home, who really understand England's beauty. Duke of York

SOMETHING FOR 250,000 MEN TO DO

Turning Idlers Into Foresters

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S NEW SCHEME

If the world depression does not move soon it will not be for want of heroic efforts to dispel it.

From America comes the news that a back-to-the-land scheme for giving work to 250,000 unemployed men has been started by President Roosevelt.

Thousands of men have been organised into a forestry corps for building-up devastated tracts of woodland.

Sites for fifty work camps, all in national forests, have been chosen. The men who are enrolled are expected to send most of their earnings of £6 a month to support their wives and families in the cities. They themselves will at least have food and shelter, which is provided by the State, and a healthy, out-of-door life with interesting work. Three square meals a day will be supplied to them.

These foresters will live in army tents and work five days a week. During their leisure they will not be dull, for there will be cinemas, baseball clubs, and many other kinds of recreation.

As there are only bridle paths in the forests of Idaho and other mountain States, trains of packhorses will be used for the journeys from one camp site to another. In Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan the men will travel by water, crossing the rivers and lakes by canoe. Pictures on page 8

CAESAR'S FRIEND

A Play of the Day Before the Crucifixion

"How old the world is," says Pilate, speaking in the play called *Caesar's Friend*, just produced in London 1900 years after it is supposed to be happening.

"There is nothing we have not done or seen," adds Pilate; and later: "I was afraid to hear His answer to What is Truth? as I thought He might know."

One of our greatest actresses, who was at the first night of this play, was heard to say that it was the most beautiful and striking play she had seen for ten years. It is a historical piece, the whole of the acting taking place 24 hours before the Crucifixion. The Figure around which that greatest of all dramas centres, does not, of course, appear, but we see Judas selling his Master, and watch the conflict of the mind of Pilate, torn between justice and ambition to be Caesar's friend.

It seems a bold enterprise to place such a play behind the footlights, but it is a poised, restrained, reverent, and well-acted work.

The Door

By One Who Saw the Play

How old the world is! What is left to know? Nothing there is we have not done or seen.

So, says a writer, Pilate long ago Mused, while one thing which had not been

Before to living men had come to them There by the white walls of Jerusalem;

And neither Pilate nor the mobbing crowd, Nor all the laws of Rome, nor Caesar's word, Nor death, could close that which was now a door.

It was to stand wide open ever more.

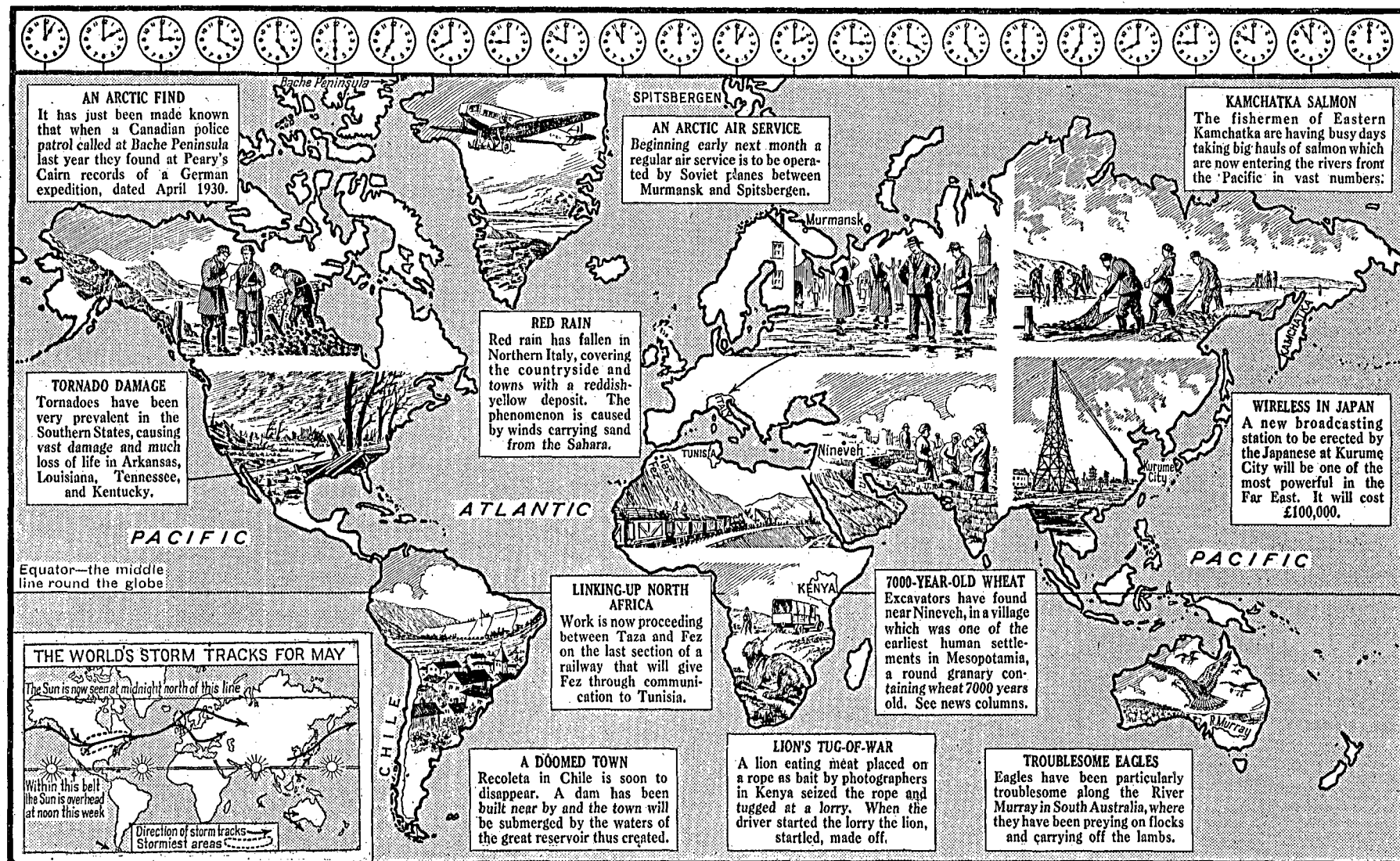
A NEW ROYAL SOCIETY

The society which exists in London for the study of insects has been celebrating its centenary.

In honour of the great work its members have done in investigating insects which are injurious to man this society is to have the title of the Royal Entomological Society of London.

Scientists from 30 countries came to London to attend the celebrations.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



K. C. B.

Keeping Our Country Beautiful

The Lord Lieutenant of the county of Middlesex, Lord Rochdale, has just opened a new factory.

In his opening speech he said that it was not like a factory but more like a child's dream of a fairy palace in white, red, and gold.

The C.N. has always contended that there is no need to make a building ugly in order to make it cheap or useful, and this new factory seems to prove us right. We must all be grateful to the Hoover people, who have given us a fairy palace to look at instead of an eyesore, and must hope they will be so rewarded that they can increase the 3000 men they employ in this country.

We cannot very well ask, as we do our shopping, "Is it made in a beautiful factory or an ugly one?" but we can rejoice in buying things which we know come from firms (like the Cadburys and Rowntrees and Hoovers) which help to Keep Our Country Beautiful.

A STORE OF WHEAT 7000 YEARS OLD

Excavators in Irak who are working there for the British Museum have found a round granary containing a store of wheat.

This was discovered among the mud-brick dwellings below a mound at Tal Arpachiyah, a village four miles east of Nineveh and one of the earliest human settlements in Mesopotamia. The wheat is 7000 years old.

Pottery with good geometrical designs painted in red and black has been discovered, and the experts declare that it is equal to the best pottery of classical Greece. Jewellery and terra-cotta ornaments in the shape of an ox's head have also been found. The head of the ox is often referred to in the Bible as a symbol of strength, and it is interesting to find it as a symbol used by these ancient people.

See World Map

BETTER WORK FIGURES

200,000 Better in Three Months

The Unemployment Returns are better. We give the figures for the four last count days—the count is made once a month.

January 23	2,903,065
February 20	2,856,638
March 20	2,776,184
April 24	2,697,634

Fall in 3 months... 205,431

This steady improvement is encouraging; it is too early to speak of a definite turn in trade, but we are entitled to hope that the worst is past, if we are given the continuance of peace in Europe.

The unemployed on April 24 were thus made up:

Wholly Unemployed	2,070,814
Temporarily Stopped	527,418
Casuals	99,402

2,697,634

It is well to have got the wholly unemployed down toward 2,000,000, but that is a figure horrible enough.

A NEW TREASURE FOR LONDON

A beautiful boxwood staff has been added to the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Scenes from Genesis are carved on it between twenty horizontal bands, under delicately carved arcades.

Here are delightful pictures of the Creation, including a charming series of birds and animals. Adam and Eve follow, then Cain and Abel, Noah and the Ark, and the Tower of Babel, with the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah to finish off the series.

It is probably part of a bishop's crozier; and for another staff like it, but carved with New Testament scenes, we must go to the Musée de Cluny in Paris and look at the staff of St Gautier. Both are 13th century.

C. O. D.

A Fish Delivers a Letter

Fish have been known to swallow as varied a diet as the ostrich. Knives, forks, tins, rings, money—nothing seems to come amiss to a fish.

Now comes news from Holland that when some fish from the Dogger Bank were being prepared for the market someone found inside a cod a letter in a perfect state of preservation, the address, to Bergen in Norway, remaining quite legible.

It was handed over to the postal authorities for delivery, and the owner was amazed to receive back a letter he had lost while fishing off Skudeneshavn at the end of January; but though this was true C.O.D. post, he had to pay nothing for it.

WHEN THE C.N. SAILED WITH SHACKLETON

We were wrong when we imagined that the batch of C.N.s lately sent out to Tristan da Cunha would be the first year's supply of any newspaper on this lonely island.

A Nottinghamshire reader tells us that she once sent to the island two-years supply of the C.N., which actually set sail from England in the Discovery with Sir Ernest Shackleton.

Fifteen months later this reader had letters from three of the 130 inhabitants, telling of their great pleasure, in the papers. She still has the envelopes, sent via Cape Town and franked with the name Tristan da Cunha.

A BANK AT SEA

A scheme is being considered by which depositors in the Post Office Bank may draw out money when on a Holiday Cruise. A ship's purser will be given authority to pay out money to passengers in exchange for warrants, and thus save them the trouble of carrying large sums of money about.

THE FARMER AND HIS CHEESE

Claims of the Home Producer

A group of Members of Parliament have issued a statement which neatly confirms what we wrote in the C.N. of April 29 as to the World's Greatest Practical Joke.

We pointed out how absurd it is to suggest that if a ship brings food to us from the United States it brings poison and that if it brings food from Canada it brings health.

The group of M.P.s write in defence of the British cheese industry, which they say is in danger of disaster owing to imports. They say:

The Colonies must appreciate the fact that if they so use the Ottawa Agreements as to destroy home production those Agreements must be imperilled. With every desire to consolidate Empire trade, our home producers must have first call on the home market.

It is, of course, difficult at one and the same time to preach that only protective duties can save the British farmer and then to tell him that he must consent to free imports of Dominion cheese, eggs, lamb, or butter.

We cannot cement an empire by illogical arguments. We cannot make British producers love Dominion competitors by a doctrine which denies itself. Above all, we cannot and must not make the food of our people dear. The present reign of artificial cheapness will pass, and if we do not take care we shall find ourselves under a reign of artificial dearth.

A WHISTLE'S 100 YEARS

It is 100 years since Robert Stephenson fitted what he called a steam trumpet to his engines.

It was introduced to give warning of the train's approach to a level-crossing, after an engine named Samson had run into a cart of eggs and butter on the Leicester and Swannington Railway.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 27

1933

A Word To Youth

WE have seen in the last few months one of those terrible things that break the heart of man. It is the rise of Hitlerism.

We have seen another thing that is almost enough to break the heart of those who do not understand. It is the rallying of Youth to Hitlerism.

We who love peace and pursue it, who have nothing but goodwill for all mankind, are moved to say a few plain words to Youth.

We can all understand the idea that there are wrong ways of doing right, but there are no right ways of doing wrong.

The pitiful thing is that Germany has been isolated in the moral world by trying to do right in a wrong way.

With all the rest of the world she has been punished for the war. With all the rest of the world she has suffered from a Peace Treaty that would not work. With all the rest of the world she has suffered from the vested interest of human selfishness in maintaining wrong.

But the truth is that all the best elements in Europe were working for her, and after long travail a little more patience would have given Europe peace once more on the basis of justice and goodwill. The wrongs would have been righted. Europe would soon have been herself again. The German Republic had the goodwill of reasonable men throughout the world, and the fires of hate were dying down.

Why is it that suddenly the fires of hate are burning again and all men talk of war? It is that there has arisen in Germany a gospel of hating your neighbour instead of loving him, the spirit of the bully and the brute, a man who trades on the impatience of exasperated Youth, undoes the work of ten years in ten days, throws Germany back to 1918, and sets men thanking God that at least she has no arms.

Such things mean war, bombs on our cities, the death of your father or your brother.

It is not natural that Youth, ardent to get rid of great wrongs, should see how far this dark ray throws its beams. In this country Liberalism has made it impossible for our young people to understand tyranny; in Germany tyranny has made it impossible for Youth to understand Liberalism. Yet there is one thing alone that can save us, and it is Liberalism, standing for justice and reason and equality.

So strong is Evil in the world that one man can let loose an ocean of it in a day, and it will spread like a flood and overwhelm mankind. So strong is Good, if we will let it have its time, that it will overcome all wrong and bring the joy of life again to this poor stricken world.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Where We Are

Is it not strange, in these days of publicity, that there should still be so much trouble in finding out where we are?

We run through a village in a car and look in vain for the name, though it could so easily be painted on the post office by one of our unemployed painters. We run through a station on the Underground and crane our necks to catch sight of the name in its fine red ring—excellent, but not nearly excellent enough; in any case, why does the name not appear in every carriage at every station, as it did in the last generation? As for trying to find the number on a London General bus, we have given that up long ago, and have fallen into the good habit of walking or the bad habit of taking a taxi.

A correspondent reminds us that in every mountain village of Switzerland the name is made clear to all.

The Trees in the Lane

WE join with those who plead that the beauty of English roads should be preserved from the destruction which sacrifices them to speed.

Instead of compelling motorists to round a corner at a reasonable speed we cut away the corner to enable them to charge round it at any rate they like. Instead of preserving trees as a precious heritage, remembering how many long years are needed to grow an oak or chestnut, we cut down the trees to straighten the way for those who only want to pass from one place to another without seeing them.

It cannot be said too often, and the C.N. will never tire of saying, that the destruction of rural beauty is an unpardonable crime.

The Lost Children

A SUNDAY or two ago, near St Martin's Church, a C.N. reader, who was also a passer-by, writes to say that, while the rain poured on to the roads and pavements and made a grey mist over London, there came along a policeman with four children.

The children's clothes were wet, and also, written large all over them was the unmistakable fact that they were lost and that he was finding them.

We do not know how far away their homes were, nor why they had strayed on this rainy day, but we do know that this best friend of all Londoners put them into a bus and paid the fares of the four back to their homes.

"That's a kind act of a constable on a wet morning," said a newspaper-seller standing near; but the helpful constable had not heard him.

He was walking away as though nothing had happened.

Ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full. Jesus

An Experience

"WELL, at least it will be an experience," said the young man to the Philosopher.

"All the same, be careful that an experience is not another name for a bad mistake," the Philosopher answered, smiling as usual.

A Parable To Be Pondered

THE dinosaur preferred to protect itself with cumbrous coats of armour rather than to develop its mind, and the dinosaur disappeared off the face of the Earth.

This is a parable, and to be pondered. Mr St John Ervine

Tip-Cat

MR EPSTEIN is not showing at the exhibition of Primitive African Sculpture just opened in London.

A HISTORIAN declares that what was good yesterday is usually bad today. Especially fish.

SOME schools have their classes in the open air. Children are encouraged to speak out.

DACHSHUNDS are popular again. At length.

MOST seaside towns have a floating population. All in the same boat.

A CORRESPONDENT says a master should never hit his dog. But the dog may give him a licking.



If he who ate next to nothing dined alone

told, make a woman smart. And a naughty boy.

How to get a good school report: Make a shot at it.

ROLL on summer holidays, says a writer. But mind you don't make them flat.

IN some country districts the water has run out. Not of the tap.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

TWENTY people in the Hyde district of Cheshire have been rescued from death by unemployed men in three months.

TWENTY-THREE THOUSAND POUNDS has been left by Miss Ada R. Crompton to London University to found travelling scholarships of £150 a year for women students.

JUST AN IDEA

We shall get no harvest if we do not do the planting.

To the Lonely Island

On reading that a year's supply of the C.N. is on its way to Tristan da Cunha.

O, LITTLE island, where you spread your green, Lifting your small, still head toward the sky, Never by you the printed news is seen; The daily deeds of nations pass you by.

MAYBE you are no poorer for this loss, For sometimes we forget that beauty lives, And garner for our Press from din or dross, And sully news with shame that scandal gives.

You might not thus, in reading far away, Know this old England is a green sweet place (An island too), where Justice holds her sway In hand with love, nobility, and grace.

BUT now a basket filled with happy flowers Gathered in Fleet Street shall come out to you, A little paper we are proud is ours, Across those thousand, thousand miles of blue;

ACROSS where waves and gulls sweep free and wild It shall reach out a true and friendly hand To every man (not only every child) Bringing the love of England to your land. Marjorie Wilson

An Umbrella Story

Good stories about umbrellas seem to come as fast as the umbrellas are lost. We have told one or two lately, and now here is another sent by a reader, a true one.

AT a certain hour on a certain day each week a friend of mine used to visit a house in North London.

One day she took her umbrella, but accidentally left it behind. In the bus going home she sat down next to another lady who happened to have an identical umbrella, and, not realising that hers had been left behind, my friend automatically clutched it as she prepared to get off the bus.

"Oh no, you don't," said its owner, and my friend, after a little argument, was satisfied that it was not her umbrella, and gave way.

The following week, having meanwhile retrieved her real umbrella, she again caught the same bus, and there again was the owner of the twin umbrella, who looked her scornfully up and down, sniffed, and remarked with bitter sarcasm: "You have been luckier this time, it seems."

Explanation seemed useless!

The Soul That Lives

Only a sweet and virtuous soul, Like seasoned timber, never gives; But though the whole world turn to coal, Then chiefly lives. George Herbert

May 27, 1933

PLAGUE ISLAND

THE THRILLING TALE OF STANGATE CREEK

Long Line of Men Who Lie in the Medway Marshes

THE LONELY TOMB

Strange that the most desolate bit of all England is within 30 miles of London; so strange that it is almost incredible. The Sunday papers were not long ago printing letters about it, but none of them has given its full story. This is it.

Where in England is to be found a more dreary stretch of loneliness than the mud flats and marshes where the Medway flows into the sea?

Small islands, coarse grass, bogs, creeks, and treacherous ooze make up a No Man's Land which few ever explore or want to explore. Rather it might be called a Dead Man's Land, for more men have come here dead than alive, buried in their hundreds when Stangate Creek was quarantine for the Port of London. A watcher of last century might have seen men made callous by poverty stealing across these wastes to collect firewood from the coffins washed bare by the sea, while bones swilled round them in the muddy water.

In the Midst of Desolation

They are all forgotten, these men who came from afar, and died of the plague within sight of England's shore, all save one; and it is with amazement and a sense of discovery that the solitary shepherd or lighterman traversing Burntwick Island comes upon a well-kept grave in the midst of this desolation, a railed stone bearing a name which should not be allowed to die, for it is the name of a gallant fellow, Sidney Bernard.

It was in 1827 that Stangate Creek, said to be deep enough to allow a squadron of battleships to anchor at its mouth, was re-established as quarantine station for London and other home ports. A return of the plague was feared, and suspected ships from such places as Constantinople or the Barbary Coast were kept here as long as 25 days for examination, no man being allowed to land save to bury a comrade.

The Dreaded Yellow Flag

Yet in 1829 cholera reached our shores and spread inland. At once all quarantine regulations were tightened up. Not a ship bound for London from beyond Gibraltar but had to spend a period in Stangate Creek. On every tide more ships arrived; ships of all sizes, from all countries. Sometimes more than 500 merchant vessels would be waiting here together, with here and there a wooden battleship returning to Sheerness or Chatham from some foreign station.

It was in 1845 that H.M.S. Eclair sailed into Stangate Creek, and men's hearts sank to see the dreaded yellow flag fluttering from her masthead. She had been off Madeira when plague and death crept on board, and with more than half her officers and men dead or dying the Madeira authorities had ordered her to leave. It was a desperate order, for, though West African Negroes had replaced some of her crew, she was still short-handed, and the bad weather of the Equinox was due. Also there was no doctor on board.

A Nightmare Voyage

Then it was that Lieutenant Sidney Bernard, a young naval surgeon in his twenties, arrived on the scene. With seven seamen from English merchant ships he volunteered to take the plague ship home.

It was a nightmare voyage, a tale for an Ancient Mariner. Every day men sickened and died; and the young surgeon could do little but instil into them some of his own courage. When the Eclair sailed into Stangate Creek fever was still raging on her decks. It is said that

CHILD VICTIMS OF THE WORLD

THAT excellent institution the Save the Children International Union has issued a striking report on the effects of the world crisis on the children. It deals with America, Germany, Belgium, and Switzerland; reports on our own and other countries are to follow.

It is terrible to read that in a rich country like the United States that serious disease pellagra, due to inadequate and improper feeding, has been observed. Sorrowful it is to read of American children without proper food; of overcrowding, lack of sleep, and dirt.

From Germany as from America comes the evidence of doctors and teachers that the evil conditions are overcoming the physical resistance of children. The German mothers are good housewives as a rule, but it is stated that they cannot find the means to nourish their children properly.

In our own country conditions are better than in either America or Germany; but we have our own evidence from South Wales, from Northumberland, from Hull, from Liverpool, and other places, that too many of those who are reduced to the extremity of the dole and poor relief are the victims of serious suffering.

Thus a new generation is being sorely wounded before our eyes and we are in danger of forgetting the excellent maxim that all should be provided with bread before anyone has cake.

We hope the Union will send a marked copy of its report to every delegate and every official attending the World Conference that is to be opened on June 12. We must awaken to the gravity of the situation that is confronting us before irreparable ruin comes upon millions of the world's child population.

THE NIGHTINGALE WOOD



The wood from which the song of the nightingale has been broadcast was opened to the public the other night in aid of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds. Miss Beatrice Harrison, who encourages the nightingales with her cello, is here seen in her wood at Oxted.

Continued from the previous column

two hundred of her men are buried in these Medway marshes, and one is Sidney Bernard. He could hardly have hoped for any other end when he boarded the plague ship; but he fought a good fight in the unequal battle, and then himself lay down to die.

His fallen tombstone was found half buried in the mud thirty years afterwards by a wandering geologist. He reminded the Admiralty of their duty to their dead, and at once the stone was replaced on firmer foundations and protected by railings as it now stands, a memorial to a gallant young surgeon and a lonely cenotaph to the dead who sailed with him from one world into the next.

As for H.M.S. Eclair, she, too, in the end was broken up for firewood like the

coffins from these marshes; but not until two attempts at re-sailing her had ended with disaster.

After Lieutenant Bernard's death the small remnant of her crew was transferred, and all that was then known was done to rid this old wooden ship of her deadly germs. A new crew set sail in her. Again cholera broke out. Again she was dismantled and disinfected; and then, trying to lose her reputation under a new name, she set out again as the Fair Rosamund. But it was no good. It was easy to find a new name, but the old germs were still there. The Admiralty made a last desperate attempt, scuttling her and giving her over to the salt waves to clean; but that failed too, and soon her old timbers were broken up and left mouldering.

THE ASSUAN DAM

RAISING THE GREAT NILE BARRAGE

Years of Plenty For the Land of the Pharaohs

CONTROLLING THE GREAT RIVER

The Pyramids stand as a witness of the might of the Pharaohs, but the present century has given to Egypt greater gifts by far than these.

Egypt has always depended for its very life on the waters of the Nile, and modern engineers have performed wonders in controlling the flood waters by means of great dams and irrigation.

One of these mighty barrages, the Assuan Dam, built across the Nile, was put in use in 1902; ten years later the great wall was made higher, thus considerably more than doubling the capacity of the reservoir formed.

Now this wall, more than a mile and a quarter long, is being raised another 30 feet. This will hold up more than 5000 million tons of water when the river is in flood.

Stone From Local Quarries

All Egypt will benefit from the waters now being made available, but in particular 200,000 acres now watered only at floodtime will have ample water available throughout the year.

The granite used in raising the barrage 30 feet comes from quarries in the neighbourhood, and every block is shaped before being taken to the site by means of a little railway.

The dam as raised is 120 feet high above the water-level below; but it requires the strongest support. This it has in the shape of 238 great buttresses, built up with granite casings and filled with reinforced concrete.

The foundations for most of the buttresses had to be prepared in the actual river-bed, and in order that the foundations of the barrage itself should not be disturbed no blasting could take place. Rock drills had to be used. But first the river-bed had to be exposed.

Great Wall of Sand-Bags

After the flood season, when the water was running low, a great wall of sand-bags and rubbish was built in the river-bed round part of the barrage foundations, and the area enclosed by the wall was pumped dry.

Between January and July in one year foundations were prepared and 90 buttresses rose to a height above the normal water-level. The next year the same thing happened on the other part of the river-bed and the remaining buttresses arose from their foundations.

Strangely enough the buttresses are not attached to the dam; instead, they rest against its face. Before the buttresses were built it was necessary to make smooth the face of the dam and attach to it a huge sheet of stainless steel where each buttress was to rest. These sheets of steel have an average area of 100 square yards.

Two New Schemes

More than 6000 men have been working at Assuan for over two years, and the dam will be finished in October, by which time its heightening will have cost the Egyptian Government £2,600,000. But it will be worth many times that to Egypt's population.

Work is likely to begin soon on another great dam which is to cross the White Nile at Gebel Aulia, near Khartoum; and other schemes proposed for the better control of the Nile include the cutting of channels through the vast Sudd district in the upper reaches, where at present the water lies in shallow pools and much is lost by evaporation and seepage; also the construction of a dam at the northern end of Lake Albert.

The last two schemes envisage a time when the Nile will be a source of sure wealth for an area far greater than that known by the Pharaohs of old.

ROAD AND RAIL TRAFFIC

LICENCES FOR ALL CARRIERS

Imprisonment For Users of Condemned Vehicles

EVILS TO BE REMEDIED

An attempt is being made by the Government's Road and Rail Traffic Bill to make fairer the competition between the two forms of transport and at the same time to strengthen the measures in an earlier Act for increasing safety on our roads.

This Bill is in three sections: the first dealing with licences and regulations for road transport, the second relieving the railways from certain out-of-date restrictions, and the third setting-up a Transport Advisory Council to co-ordinate the two services and to reduce the desperate competition which may result in serious loss to the nation.

Restoring the Balance

Heavier taxes on goods vehicles in the Budget have been the first step toward restoring the balance between the two rivals. The Bill will by a system of licences control the carriage of goods by road with a view to favouring the man who provides a regular service.

The licences are to be of three kinds. An A licence, current for two years, is to be granted to those, the universal carriers, whose sole business is the carriage of goods for others. A B licence, current for one year, is to be granted to the limited carrier, one who uses his lorries for carrying his own goods and also those of others—for a return journey so that his lorry should not return empty, for example. This carrier is a competitor both of railway and regular road transporters, who have to spread their rates over all their customers and are badly hit by the sporadic intermediary of this kind. The C licence, current for three years, is to be granted to tradesmen and others who use their vehicles solely for their own goods.

Conditions to Licences

The Traffic Commissioners are to be the authorities who will grant the licences and hear any objections raised by providers of transport in the same locality on the ground that there is already an excess of facilities in the area. A Commissioner, however, cannot refuse a carrier licence for the tonnage of vehicles he had on the roads before April 1 this year.

The licensing authorities must attach certain conditions to the licences.

The vehicles must be serviceable, the conditions of speed and loading must be observed, the hours worked by the drivers and the wages they are paid must comply with the Traffic Act of 1930. The Minister of Transport, in explaining the Bill, admitted that in these respects that important Act is a failure, because the police had not the time to enforce it, and on the rare occasions when they did prosecute the fines were so trifling that the offenders went on in their old bad way.

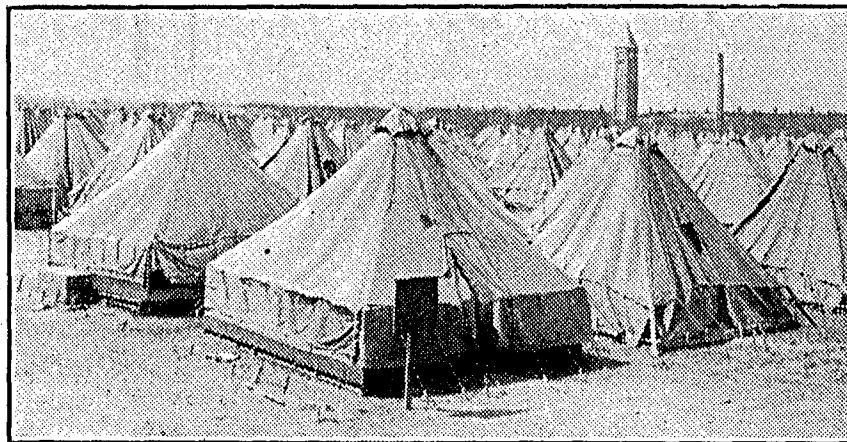
A Body of Examiners

To remedy these evils—which are undoubtedly the cause of much of the loss of life on our roads—the Minister proposes to establish a body of Examiners to investigate the fitness of goods vehicles on the road or in the garage, and to order the owners to effect necessary repairs; a second offence is to be punishable by imprisonment.

The part of the Bill relating to railways enables them to carry goods for traders at an agreed rate. The railways are also relieved of obligations which have become obsolete.

We hope that this Bill will remove from our highways those antiquated goods vehicles which with their sudden breakdowns are a danger to us all.

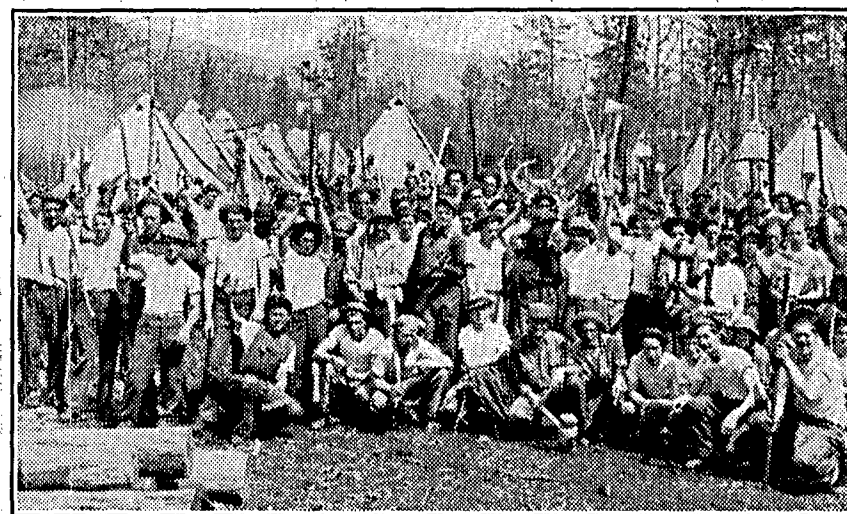
AMERICA'S PEACE ARMY



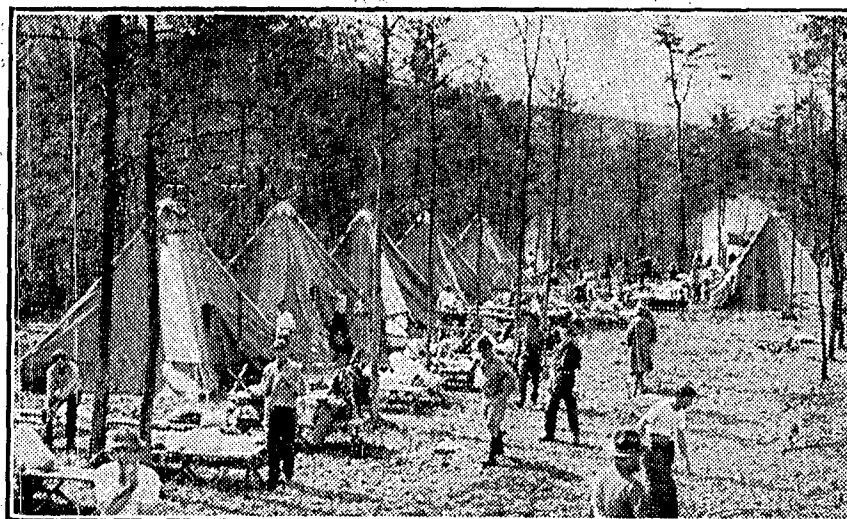
Tent City at Fort Sheridan



A uniform inspection



Ready for the day's work



A camp in the George Washington National Forest, Virginia

These pictures show the camps of the forestry corps which President Roosevelt has started to provide work for 250,000 men, as described on page 4.

MOVING CHURCHES STONE BY STONE

Where Ingoldsby Legends Were Written

THE POOR PEDLAR'S GIFT

In these days when we are inclined to moan over bad times it is encouraging to read of the enterprise of a Gravesend vicar and his people.

It was discovered not long ago that the roof of Christ Church, where General Gordon read the Lessons, was in danger of collapsing. A fund to provide a new roof was started, but when the architects came to look at the church they found it too shaky to bear a new roof.

The vicar (Rev J. T. Phillips) asked his bishop if he might rebuild the church in a new position. Dr Linton Smith gave his consent, and the church is to be moved to the grounds of Parrock Manor. Here, in a manor house surrounded by fine old trees that are to remain, the Rev R. H. Barham wrote some of his Ingoldsby Legends.

After the Black Death

This incident reminds us of a similar event just fifty years ago at Edgefield, Norfolk. Until the Black Death wiped out nearly all the villagers Edgefield's beautiful old church stood in the heart of the village. But after this plague the survivors preferred to move their homes to higher ground half a mile away. For four centuries the church remained on the outskirts of the village, losing much of its beauty through disrepair.

In 1853, however, the rector decided that he must try to bring the church nearer to his people; so, though £2000 had to be collected for the work, stone by stone, with the exception of the tower, the old church was taken down, and after ten years it rose again in the heart of the village.

Triumph Over Difficulties

"I won't linger over the frustrations, obstacles, difficulties, and despair which hampered the work," writes the rector; "but there the church is, praise God."

The rector who moved the church half a century ago is still ministering today after 57 years at Edgefield. Walter Hubert Marcon is 83, but he is still doing all his usual work. He followed his father and his great-uncle, who were rectors here before him.

In Edgefield Churchyard sleeps a pedlar, Margaret Woods. Margaret was very poor, but when she died in 1855 she had managed to save £100 to give to the rector to buy an organ.

DOVER LOSES A WAR RELIC

And Makes Her Harbour Safe

The work of a few minutes in time of war has just been undone at Dover, but the undoing has taken twelve and a half months of actual working-time.

In the early days of the war two gravel-filled ships were sunk at the entrance to the harbour as a barrage against enemy submarines, and ever since then the obstacles have been a menace to navigation.

Two years ago the entrance was closed so that a clear channel could be made. Now one of the ships, the Livonian, has been released from its muddy prison on the bed of the harbour, cut in two while still submerged, and removed.

Each section of the ship weighed 1500 tons and required six nine-inch hawsers to lift it. Channels 5 feet deep and 45 feet long were dug beneath the ship to accommodate the hawsers; and then great lighters were used for the lifting operation, the rising tide being made to release the 1500-ton sections from the sea-bed.

May 27, 1933

The Children's Newspaper

9

A BOOK THAT SHOULD SELL IN THOUSANDS

MANKIND'S THREE RELIGIONS

The Only One That Can
Create World Unity

A CALL TO CHRISTIANITY

Nationalism: Man's Other Religion. By Edward Shillito, M.A. Student Christian Movement Press. 4s and 2s 6d.

It is of good omen that this book can be bought for half a crown, for if we were all wiser than we are it would sell in many thousands.

Its subject is the place of religion in the story of mankind. Mr Shillito holds that mankind will have a religion. What, then, should this religion be?

Looking round today he sees three religions competing for control of the spirit of mankind—Communism, the worship of the Proletariat; Nationalism, the worship of the Sovereign State; and Christianity.

Dangers of Nationalism

Communism, with banishment of God, is only an experiment in Russia, but Nationalism or the enthronement of the Sovereign State is present almost everywhere; and the aim of this book is to point out its dangers, and to show how far Christianity—the Christianity of Christ—transcends Nationalism and should create a unity in the world which includes all that Nationalism can give, and much more.

Mr Shillito lectured on Nationalism round the American Republic, and here we get the gist of his lectures, plainly, brightly, and eloquently presented. The opening of the book is explanatory; it goes on with gathering and glowing interest; it reaches noble heights where just expression must be eloquent.

Past Historical Epochs

The book is divided into six chapters. The first reminds us of historical epochs which passed while nations remained unaware of their impending wreckage. Intense Nationalism, still with sword in hand, seems to have again reached such a crisis. And the Nationalism that divides men seems more of a religion than any other religion. There is nothing else for which men would, *en masse*, make such sacrifices as they make for it.

Mr Shillito admits that there are great gains from racial and geographical differences; but when Nationalism takes the form of the Sovereign State, above which there is no higher power and no sense of right and wrong set above reasons of State, moral and spiritual dangers arise of which Christianity must be made aware. When Nationalism becomes a religion it is a false religion.

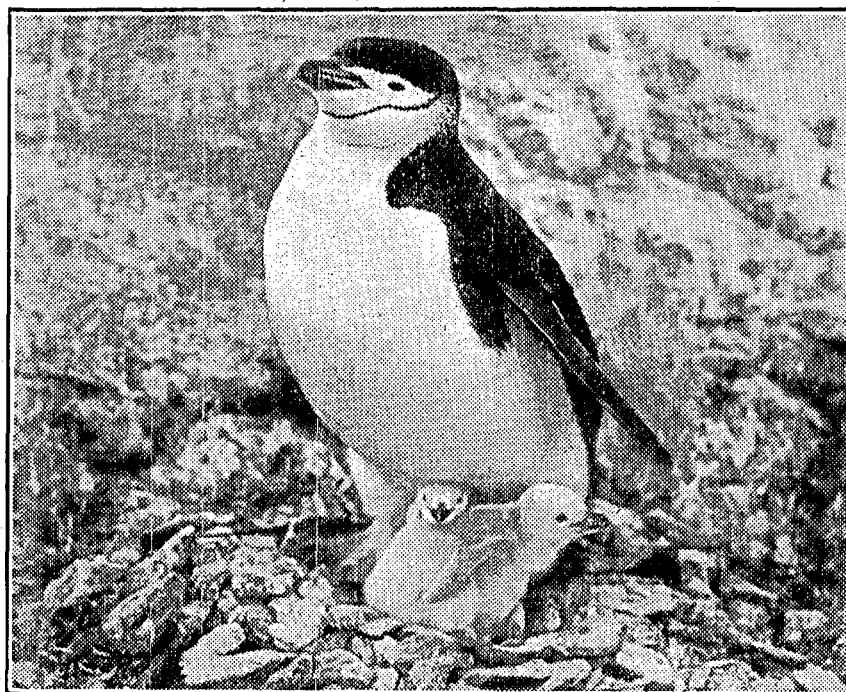
A Resounding Call

The book is a call to Christianity in all its forms to unite, freeing itself from bondage to separate States, and to speak to the whole world in the pristine spirit of Christ, where National ebullitions are threatening a wreckage of the world's peace. There is the League of Nations; but universal Christianity could speak from a region above that in which the League plays its important part. In giving this resounding call Mr Shillito surveys much interesting history, and glances at the growths of national consciousness in recent times, up to but not including the latest outbursts of Japan and Germany.

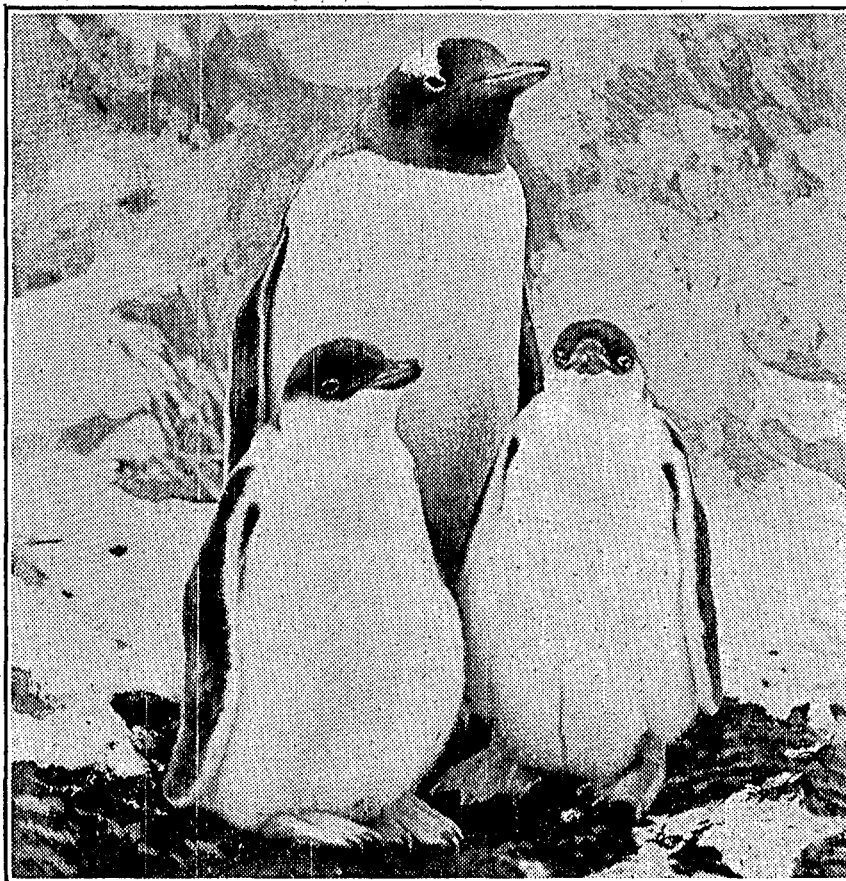
Argument is lightened (though Mr Shillito's style is always gracefully light and clear) by descriptive pictures of some of the men who saw turning-points in history—Augustine, Machiavelli, Karl Marx, and Sun-Yat-Sen—and there is an impressive duologue which admirably illustrates the divided mind of modern India.

A most thoughtful and stimulating book, worthy of universal attention.

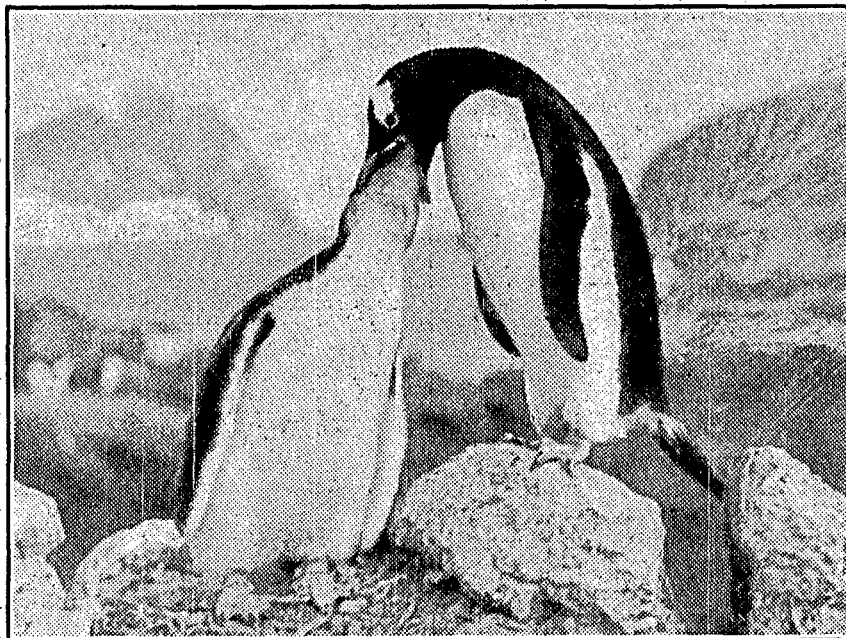
PENGUINS AT HOME



Mother Penguin and her little ones



A family group in South Georgia



A young penguin taking food from its mother's throat—a picture from the South Orkneys

The Royal Research ship Discovery II, which recently returned from the Antarctic, brought home some striking pictures of penguins, three of which we give on this page.

THE SILVER LINING TO THE CLOUD

AMERICANS NEVER IN BETTER HEALTH

Unexpected Result of a Bitter
Financial Year

THINGS THAT HAVE IMPROVED

From an American Correspondent

For the industrial population of the United States the year 1932 was one of the saddest in history. Yet, strange to say, it was also one of the healthiest.

The official health statistics are not yet compiled, but the figures for one of the big life insurance companies are available; and as they have, for years, run parallel to those of the country as a whole we may take them as a guide.

The lowest death-rate ever reported for the policy-holders in this company was in 1930, yet last year it dropped a little.

No Big Epidemic

Never before have typhoid fever, measles, whooping-cough, diphtheria, pneumonia, tuberculosis, and accidents claimed so few victims. More people have pulled through alive and healthy than ever before.

There must be an explanation.

Thanks is first of all due to the absence of any big epidemic. Then, aware that their country was under strain, doctors and health officers have given their services with unfailing generosity at health centres and clinics; and it is also likely that families who hesitate to use these places in prosperous times take advantage of them for themselves and their children when they are unemployed, and thus small ills are prevented from growing to large ones.

An Open-Air Year

The weather generally was excellent throughout the year, and as people had less work to do they were able to be out in the open a greater part of the time. This, too, had its effect. As fewer factories were running there were fewer industrial accidents; as fewer people owned cars the motor accidents shrank. As people had to count their pennies carefully there were less over-eating and over-drinking.

And as for the other side of the picture, the New York Statistical Bulletin says: "Splendidly organised relief work has operated to conserve health. The work of our social agencies has brought to a very small item the number of persons and families who have suffered from actual hunger or from lack of clothing or shelter."

The National Safety Council has made an interesting analysis of the decline of deaths due to accidents. It finds that accidents have diminished more in the cities than in the country, showing that the decreased speed of American city life during the depression is having a beneficial effect.

Fewer Motor Accidents

The 13 per cent drop in motor accident fatalities is twice as great as the decline in the number of registered cars or the decline in the amount of petrol sold. The Council concludes from this that there has been a real advance in the safe use of streets and highways. Medford in Massachusetts, a town of 64,300 inhabitants, had not a single fatality from a motor accident.

This good health record for a bad year shows better than anything else how the American people have kept up their spirits in the face of misfortune. In proof of this a friend of the C.N. writes from New York:

"The recent bank crisis was something inspiring to watch, everybody without a cent yet willing to lend what they had to people worse off. And all of it done with a smile on the face and a joke on the lips. Their good nature was astonishing. It could have happened nowhere else but in England."

THE IDLE MEN OF DELABOLE NO CORNISH SLATES FOR CORNWALL?

Sad News From One of Our Most Famous Quarries

EXPENSIVE ECONOMY

From the point of view of the tourist in search of beauty the village of Delabole in Cornwall is depressing. Its church is modern; everything venerable that man has done in the past has gone.

But the men of Delabole are as plucky and hardy as their ancestors, who have worked the famous Delabole slate quarries from Queen Elizabeth's time, as C.N. readers know.

John Wesley preached to their fathers in these quarries.

The Delabole Quarries are famous as one of the show places of Cornwall, but, sad to relate, the depression of 1932 caused the great quarries to close down.

A Treasury-Ridden Ministry

Though these slates are claimed to be the finest England can produce, a C.N. friend calling there found that builders are buying very few slates, and those of the cheaper sort, because the cost of building has to be cut down to the lowest possible figure in almost every case.

If Delabole slates were specially asked for they could generally be supplied from stocks in hand.

When, however, it was proposed not long ago to erect some houses in the neighbourhood of Delabole there was great rejoicing. These would naturally require Delabole slates. But a Treasury-ridden Ministry of Health, it is said, refused to allow these local slates to be used under a subsidised contract, though these slates are the most suitable roofing material for such a rainy area.

That Dreadful Precedent

The Ministry insisted on some cheap and probably unbecomingly manufactured substitutes being imported from other districts, providing work, of course, for the railways or motor transport in conveying them, and eventually more work replacing them with Delabole slates when they fail to stand Cornish gales and downpour any longer.

No sensible person would regard this as economy, but Ministries have rules for their own and other departments, and what are rules for! If they depart from these leading strings they may create that dreadful thing—a precedent. If the officials are asked to consider such a question on its merits, the almost invariable retort is "What will it lead to?" If one place uses its own local material others may want to do the same, and the departments will be constantly asked to consider questions on their merits, and that would never do. That is far too much responsibility for the Civil Service; they have not been trained on those lines.

A Memory of Pickwick

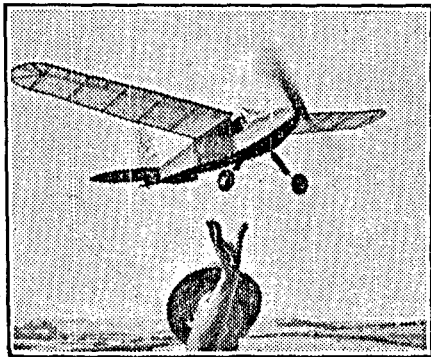
What may be needed is a Treasury minute recommending the use of local materials in all cases where it can be shown to the satisfaction of the Ministry that such material is economical and satisfactory—or words to that effect, as Serjeant Buzfuz said in the famous Pickwick trial. But this may be too much to expect while the Treasury is in control as at present.

It is duly reported that the sturdy men of Delabole have had to draw the dole while watching artificial roofing being unloaded to cover houses adjoining their own homes, when they knew their own slates were so much better for the climate and the weather they will have to withstand.

LITTLE PLANE'S GREAT FLIGHT Record For a Model

A model aeroplane built and flown by a junior member of the Model Aero Club of Victoria, Australia, not long ago made a flight which is claimed to be a world record.

The little plane was launched from a Melbourne racecourse during the Annual Aerial Pageant, and was the only one of over a dozen models to be caught in a rapidly rising air current. In a few minutes it had drifted out of sight of those on the ground, but a pilot



The little plane sets off

who pursued it in a full-size machine followed it up to a height of over 1000 feet, where, as it was still rising strongly, he gave up the chase and returned.

The young owner of the model decided that it was lost, and thought no more about it; but, to his surprise, three days later he received notification from the Aero Club that his model had been found and returned to them. It had been picked up at North Narre Warren, 28 miles distant from the starting-point of the flight.

THE OLD BOY RETURNS A Prime Minister and His Schoolmaster

There was once a little boy who made a cigarette out of paper and hay, and was therefore condemned by his master to write a thousand lines.

Half a lifetime went by. One spring day there were flags flying and a band playing in the little Provence commune where the schoolmaster still lived. A procession marched through the streets of Orange, headed by the Prime Minister of France.

Suddenly the Prime Minister left the procession, and pushed his way into the crowd, crying:

"There's Papa Bonnet!"

M. Daladier, Prime Minister of France, was once the boy who made a cigarette of paper and hay, and M. Bonnet was the schoolmaster who made him write a thousand lines.

M. Daladier has met and forgotten hundreds of people since he left M. Bonnet's class at the age of ten, but he will never forget the man who made him write a thousand lines.

The other day he shook Papa Bonnet's hand till it nearly came off.

Life is very surprising.

A RARE GREAT MAN

The deeper the world flounders in paths of violence the more reason it has to remember with gratitude the memory of a man who made a nation on the basis of religious toleration in an age of persecution, and of law and liberty in an age of tyranny and cruelty.

The light Holland held up to Europe during the 17th century in almost all the arts and sciences, including the political, had been kindled by William the Silent. Great men as often as not do great harm. William was one of the few great men in history whose ideals and actions were almost wholly good.

Professor G. M. Trevelyan to the Anglo-Batavian Society's celebration of the 400th birthday of William the Silent

C.N. VISITS The Fine Old Church of Etchingham

THE CATAPULT AND THE 600-YEAR-OLD WINDOW

Four church windows at Etchingham in Sussex have been broken by a boy with a catapult; they were 600 years old, and it is a sad tragedy for this fine old church. A travelling correspondent sends us these notes on the village, which he has lately visited for us.

The proudest weather-vane for a hundred miles reigns over Etchingham. It is the copper vane of the arms of Sir William de Echingham, who built the church in 1387.

It was a lovely church Sir William gave this place, beautiful in its simplicity. The painted glass that filled every window is gone; but for the rest, except for a walled-up Norman doorway of an older church, the church of the 14th-century knight is as he saw it.

Choir-Stalls and Screen

The triple canopied sedilia seats are as they were when the priests first sat in them, and the choir-stalls behind the carved screen remain unspoiled, massive enough to last as long again. There are 18 misereres beautifully carved with fishes and keys and birds, and some with noble heads framed in lace-like bits of carving. From the corners of the screen two quaint heads look down.

There are four fine brasses in the chancel. That of the builder has unhappily lost its head; it is the oldest brass in Sussex bearing the date, and has an inscription in French which says:

*Of earth I was made and formed
And to earth I have returned.*

He died in 1388. A fine brass under a triple canopy is of Lady Joan Echingham between her husband and her son; it is of 1404 and one of the finest brasses in Sussex. Two tiny brasses of 1450 and 1480 are probably of two sisters; very sweet they look kneeling in prayer, dressed in flowing kirtles.

Heraldic Glass

Every window in the nave has some old glass. There are 18 shields on painted glass in the aisles, the clerestory, and the west window. It is said that no other church in Sussex has so much heraldic glass, and much of it is 600 years old. A memorial window has fine figures of Patience and Gentleness with a choir of angels, and the east window, with exceptionally fine tracery, has a tremendous variety of colour with striking blue, green, and red. In it are the four heraldic shields of the Plantagenets.

The oak pulpit, with tiny heads carved round it, has a magnificently carved panel with Christ in the centre and a fine figure of a knight in chain mail. There is a good Jacobean Communion table. The font is probably older than the church, and the tiles over which we walk down the short nave into the long chancel appear older still.

Hanging proudly together in the south aisle are the helmet and the banner of Sir George Strode. He was wounded at Edgehill.

Faithful Servants

We can well believe that the fine yew may have seen the workmen bringing the stones for the building of the church. Its shade may fall sometimes on the grave of Henry Corbould, Chantry's painter friend, who died in 1844. Hugh Totty, the vicar for 66 years, started preaching in 1792, and was here during all the Napoleon wars.

It is a church worth serving, and it has had some faithful servants. John Byntley was vicar for 53 years in the 15th century. In the churchyard lie Benjamin Hayler, who was parish clerk for 40 years, and Mary Skinner, who was a faithful family servant for more than half a century.

One of the ancient things the church has, not now used, is a porch arched with upturned trunks of an oak.

A MUSSOLINI IDEA Recovering a Peace Altar of Augustus

OLDER THAN CHRISTIANITY

Signor Mussolini, who does not seem to know the meaning of the word impossible, has decided to tackle an almost Herculean task. He is about to make an attempt to recover a wonderful treasure trove.

Deep down below a medieval palace in the heart of Rome is buried the famous and beautiful Ara Pacis, the Altar of Peace of Augustus, one of the greatest of the Roman emperors, whose name, meaning the Revered, was given him by the Senate and people. This altar was built nine years before the birth of Jesus in honour of the emperor's return after pacifying Gaul and Spain, and was a symbol of the Augustine peace throughout the Roman Empire.

For hundreds of years engineers have been baffled by the problem of how to recover this buried treasure of history and art.

Every attempt has been abandoned for fear that the old palace and other buildings built above it might collapse by being undermined.

Rome's Birthday

But some of the most famous Italian architects and engineers have been putting on their thinking caps and apparently they have found a way of overcoming the difficulties. When the Ara Pacis has been recovered it is intended to rebuild it on the Capitoline Hill, and every year it is intended that national rites shall be carried out before it on Rome's birthday.

Although the main part of the altar is buried beneath the chief business centre of Rome fragments of it found their way to Florence, Vienna, Paris, to the Rome Museum, and to the French Academy in Rome. It is hoped that all will be recovered. The Vienna fragment has already been bought, and proposals to make exchanges have been made to the French Government.

Recovering the Ara Pacis is only part of a much larger scheme. To celebrate the Augustine bi-millenary, which takes place in 1937-38, an enormous programme is being undertaken for digging up and recovering many other examples of Roman art and architecture left by Augustus, who boasted that he "found Rome brick and left it marble."

WHO WAS HANDEL?

Born Halle, Germany, 1685.
Died London, 1759.

The son of a Halle surgeon, George Frederick Handel was regarded, almost from infancy, as a musical prodigy.

Before he was 20 he had written and produced his first opera. He played in a Hamburg orchestra, gave lessons, wrote minor pieces, and then made a triumphal progress through Italy. Returning to Hanover, he was made Chaplain to the Elector, our own George the First. It was in 1710 that he settled in England. Ten years later the first Royal Academy of Music was founded, "to secure a constant supply of operas by Handel."

Handel wrote opera after opera, but quarrels with rivals and with his singers brought him eventually to bankruptcy, and for the time being unhinged his mind. It was upon his recovery that he began what was to be the work of his life—his oratorios. Fifteen of them he produced in 12 years. His sight, long failing, now deserted him, but he still continued to compose and to give his magnificent organ recitals. Altogether he wrote a score of oratorios, twice as many operas, hundreds of cantatas, psalms, songs, and instrumental pieces.

He treated all styles, and he excelled in all. No man ever more richly dowered the world with sublime, inspiring melody.

A BEAUTIFUL TRIANGLE

MARS, JUPITER, AND THE MOON

Brilliant Venus Appears Near the Setting Sun

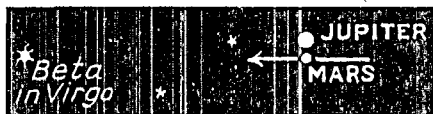
NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

By the C.N. Astronomer

The rapid approach of Mars to Jupiter will be the spectacular celestial event of next week.

At the beginning the reddish Mars will be seen about four times the Moon's apparent width to the right of the brilliant Jupiter, which will be unmistakable, for it is the brightest object in the south-west sky as soon as it is dark.

On Thursday, June 1, the Moon will add to the beauty and interest of the scene. She will be nearing half-moon



The path of Mars relative to Jupiter during the next two weeks is shown by the arrow

phase, and may be seen a little way below Jupiter and Mars, the three bodies forming a picturesque triangle.

By the end of next week Mars will have almost caught up to Jupiter, for the red planet appears to be racing after the giant planet, and on Whit Sunday evening, June 4, will draw level with him and be apparently not much more than half the Moon's diameter below Jupiter at 10 o'clock.

Now, though appearing so close together, these radiant worlds are actually some 365 million miles apart and are merely seen in the line of sight; Mars is about 115 million miles and Jupiter about 480 million miles distant.

It will be realised, therefore, that Mars is very much nearer to us than to Jupiter; but both are receding from us, Jupiter at the rate of nearly a million miles a day and Mars at about two-thirds as much. So they will gradually become less bright as they go farther from one another, Mars travelling rapidly eastward from Jupiter. They will not meet again for another two years and nine months.

Mars will pass very close to the third-magnitude star Beta in Virgo on June 30; it will be interesting to watch the planet approach this star, which is at present some way to the left.

Another world is now making its appearance in the evening sky; this is Venus; but she appears very near to the Sun at present and sets only about an hour after him. So just now the opportunity of getting a glimpse of this brilliant planet is very short. Between 9.30 and 9.45 is the best time to look, Venus being then very low down in the north-west.

Mercury and Venus

Mercury is also in this part of the sky and for the next four weeks will appear quite near to Venus, but not being nearly so bright will be difficult to perceive in the strong twilight. Field-glasses will greatly help us to catch sight of Mercury provided Venus is found, as they will both appear in the same field of view.

On June 5 Mercury will be to the right of Venus, at a higher altitude and about eight times the Moon's apparent width away. But Mercury will pass Venus on June 8, and only a little way above her; while by June 10 he will be to the left of her and only three times the Moon's width away.

Thereafter Mercury continues to travel farther to the left of Venus, both becoming brighter and setting later, which helps them to be seen better, though, as the Sun also sets later, not very much is gained in this respect. A clear sky and view almost to the horizon are necessary. G. F. M.

THE TOP OF IRELAND

Here is the fourth of our five articles on the summits of the British Isles; it deals with the highest point of Ireland.

The reasons why comparatively few people ascend Carruntuohill (3414 feet), the highest point of the highest range in Ireland, Macgillicuddy's Reeks, in County Kerry, are first because people do not climb hills in Ireland as an exercise or amusement, and next because the Reeks are so far away from comfortable sleeping quarters that the journey out and back cannot easily be made on foot in a day.

The usual route is by a ten-mile drive in a car, followed by about six hours of heavy walking, which returns the traveller to the highway about twelve miles from Killarney, unless he returns by boat down the lakes. In any case it is a very long and toilsome day, starting early and finishing late, and yet no lover of the mountains who has faced the haunting outline of the Reeks when the hilltop is reached on the road from Kenmare to Killarney will be satisfied until he has mounted to the summit of that wild range.

The Wild Hag's Glen

When the attempt is made the traveller will find that he is left to his resources; no path has been prepared for him as on the other national mountains. As he ascends by the Gladdagh River, where there is a track, he sees before him the wild Hag's Glen, flanked on each side by lakes, and, beyond, the bold, precipitous cliffs of Carruntuohill.

A steep climb—not a walk—of an hour or so up a slope of mingled grass and rock lands him on a narrow ridge connecting Carruntuohill with a lower peak; and another grassy clamber, somewhat shorter, turns the flank of the precipices he has seen from below, and brings him on the summit.

A fine view of sea and land from the Kenmare River round to the mouth of the Shannon is spread below, but always the roving eye returns to the grim precipices which form the sides of these bare and solitary Irish peaks; and all the while, whether watching from the summit or picking an unfrequented way down carefully toward the Gap of Dunloe, the surroundings bring, somehow, a sense of sadness, and not of hope, romance, and strength, as when one has made friends with a Scottish mountain stronghold.

The Reeks are grim and sad; Killarney is inexpressibly lovely, yet sad.

WHY DO BIRDS CAST THEIR FEATHERS?

From The Children's Encyclopedia

Feathers become worn and torn and broken, and must be replaced. We do not know how birds manage to moult their feathers; it is one of the wonderful provisions of Nature, whose effects we see without being able to say exactly how they are caused.

But the moulting of birds is similar to what takes place in other forms of animal life. Horses in winter grow long coats of hair which they shed in summer. Dogs cast their coats. Snakes cast their skins; crabs and other shell-fish cast their shells. If a crab lived always in one shell his body could never grow any bigger. At a certain time in the year his flesh becomes very watery, so that he can draw those great claws of his through the narrow opening at the top of the shells in which they are enclosed, and he comes out of his shell almost as soft and pulpy as an egg in its skin with its shell removed.

Birds are never left bare like this; they moult gradually. Yet some are so completely robbed of their strong feathers that they are glad to go into hiding until the new ones grow. They are then as defenceless as the stag which has shed its mighty antlers.

Lightning caused a fire in the engine-house at Linby Colliery in Nottinghamshire, and threw 500 miners out of work.

KANGAROO FIGHT

A BOXING-MATCH AT THE ZOO

Baby Deer Who is Fed From a Fountain-Pen Filler

BUFFALO PETER LOSES A HORN

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Once again the kangaroo enclosure at the Zoo is being used as a boxing-ring.

Some days ago a new pair of wallaroos (a species of kangaroo) were introduced into the large outdoor paddock which is the playground of a collection of kangaroos, wallaroos, and wallabies, and an old-established Zoo wallaroo promptly challenged the male newcomer to a duel.

The challenge was accepted and the animals began to box; but the fight did not last long and no one was hurt. However, since then these two male wallaroos have found it impossible to meet without sparring, with the result that several times a day they stand up and have a boxing-match.

Good Entertainment

A kangaroo boxing-match is always a good entertainment; but what makes these fights particularly amusing is the attitude of the other inmates of the enclosure. For they all stand and watch as though speculating as to the result of the match; and one albino, known as Snowball, quite definitely acts as referee.

Standing a few paces away from the boxers, he stares at them intently, and sometimes in his keen desire to see fair play he is unwise enough to go too close, and gets a blow which knocks him over!

A few years ago there was a famous boxing kangaroo in the menagerie. He used to box with his keeper whenever challenged, and to keep himself in practice he taught one of his housemates to be his sparring partner; every morning the two animals would have a round together.

Two interesting new additions have just come to the Zoo's collection. One is a young Indian rhinoceros, who is about 18 months old, and the other a baby specimen of the chevrotain, or mouse-deer, a diminutive member of the deer tribe, which has not been represented here for several years.

Peter in Trouble

An adult chevrotain is only about the size of a hare, and so the new baby is so small that he is being fed from a fountain-pen filler. He can be held comfortably on one hand, and his legs are no thicker than a lead-pencil.

Peter, the Zoo's largest Cape buffalo, is in great trouble. By some means or other, during an outburst of rage, he broke off a large portion of one of his massive horns. Until this happened Peter was acknowledged to be the most dangerous animal in the Gardens; twice he charged the bars of his den so ferociously that he loosened the foundations of the bars and almost managed to break his way out to freedom.

Time after time his den has been reinforced with iron supports and strong wooden rafters, but now poor Peter has little chance of doing much damage.

AN UGLY THING WIPED OUT

Some ugly illnesses are being wiped out from the world, and one of them is typhoid fever.

We learn this good news from the world survey of health published each month by the League. Sixty years ago nearly forty people in every 100,000 in England died from this disease; twenty years ago the number had fallen to six; now it is reduced to one.

We owe this welcome fact to improved sanitation, due to the intelligence of health authorities and the demand of the population, and to the improved skill of the doctors and nurses.



"I do love 'Ovaltine'"

HOW fortunate that "Ovaltine" is such a favourite with all children. For children are healthier and happier when their beverage at every meal is delicious "Ovaltine." It is much more than an ordinary food drink, for it contains, in correct proportions, all the food elements essential to health.

"Ovaltine" is the ideal beverage for children because it supplies valuable nutritive properties which are not present in sufficient quantities in the ordinary daily dietary. It makes good the energy they spend so prodigally and it builds up sound bodies and alert minds.

"Ovaltine" is prepared from the highest qualities of malt extract, fresh creamy milk and new-laid eggs. The formula and scientific processes of manufacture—originated by the proprietors—cannot be improved upon or used by others.

Unlike imitations, "Ovaltine" does not contain household sugar to give it bulk and to reduce the cost. Nor does it contain a large percentage of cocoa. Reject substitutes.

OVALTINE
IONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.

Troubles OF 1933

Mum's weeping — Dad's gone to business with a bang—Tom swears he won't come home to-night—Madge's going to stay at Aunt Agatha's—even Gran's got her patient look.

And all because we've changed to Daily Sketch!

Mother got down early to read *Modestina*—"saves her pounds and pounds." Dad wouldn't let anyone near it till he'd finished *Candidus*. Tom was taking his girl out, so he had to read *Paul Holt* on the new talkie, or was it *Jesse Collings*—the chap they're all crazy about—on last night's play? Madge tried to snatch it for *Mr. Gossip* and *D'Alroy's Diary* and what dresses *Lady Moira Combe* told her to get.

The twins (that's me and Bridget) late for school—the comic strips!

And Grannie mumbling about "the selfishness of young people" and "they knew she could only see the wireless properly in the *Daily Sketch*."

Hooray, trouble's over, Dad's 'phoned he's ordered TWO Daily Sketches in future as the whole family enjoys it.



DAILY SKETCH

Make it
a habit...
order it
NOW

The Premier
Picture Newspaper

MEN WHO REFUSE DEFEAT

SALVAGE HEROES
Some Great Mysteries That
Have Never Been Solved
FROM COFFEE-HOUSE
TO PALACE

When Ships Go Down. By David Masters.
Eyre and Spottiswoode. 8s 6d.

If this is not a best-seller we shall be surprised. It is certainly a book for every boy.

The pages are crammed with stories of treasure-hunting, mystery ships, U-boats and Q-ships, and all kinds of rescues and thrilling escapes in which heroism is taken as a matter of course.

Chapter One, appropriately enough, gives us a glimpse of Lloyd's, where constant vigil is kept over the thousands of big and little ships afloat. One of them is nearly always in trouble somewhere, and news of almost every wreck is flashed through to this world-famous marble palace which has grown out of the humble coffee-house run by Edward Lloyd more than two centuries ago, where skippers of the frigates and schooners of olden days used to meet to discuss their voyages and to exchange news heard in the ports they had visited.

Prepared To Go Anywhere

The salvage men are a dogged race, refusing to accept defeat. Day and night they are waiting on the salvage boats which serve all the coasts of the world, prepared to go anywhere at any time to help a ship in danger.

Salvage societies arose out of the great need, when a ship runs ashore, to get her off undamaged; for although the owners are safe if they have insured the ship against full risks the underwriters must pay the losses if she is sunk.

Mysteries which have never been solved are made more tantalising than ever in this book, for the author is a veritable Sherlock Holmes in piecing together like a jigsaw puzzle every scrap of evidence he can unearth, and then drawing conclusions which are as illuminating as they are interesting.

Enthralling Stories

In the mystery ship *Tubantia*, in which gold is supposed to have been hidden in cheeses, he has practically proved that no cheese was in the cargo, but he thinks that gold may have been there disguised as base metal.

He throws new light on enthralling stories such as that of the treasure ship of Spanish gold sunk in Tobermory Bay at the time of the Armada. Kings and queens and many others have been seeking for it for three centuries, and it has cost two dukes their heads. The author prints a scathing letter by Drake to show how the Spaniards tried to camouflage their defeat, and he thinks this adds force to the argument that Spain concealed as much as possible the value of the treasure that she lost in Tobermory Bay.

Perils of Salvage Work

Old records prove that much money was carried by the Armada to pay the wages of the fighting men, who received £15,000 a day, while the Spanish army waiting in Flanders to invade England drew £30,000 a day from the Armada. After the disaster there was not a penny to pay the Spanish sailors who survived or the troops in Flanders, and King Philip had to send a large sum from Spain to prevent riots.

This book gives us a wonderful insight into diving and the perils experienced by divers during salvage work. The author has himself been down under the water at Scapa Flow. The sea was like jade, with millions of minute bubbles ever floating upward.

As he stood on the sea-bed he saw what he thought to be a big fish swimming straight toward him. It turned

THE WORLD IS GOOD FOR SPARROWS

Hot Sand Beds For Cold
Nights

Just as we were basking in the sun and congratulating ourselves on having at last got through the winter a letter arrived from Newfoundland telling of some sparrows who were congratulating themselves for the same reason.

These sparrows were emigrants, settled in the Canadian Rockies. Mr J. L. Paton, who spared a moment from his College at St John's in Newfoundland to tell us of them, says that sparrows make the best colonists, as they are such knowing little fellows.

These sparrows in the Rocky Mountains found the cold almost more than they could stand, but they found something else which just saved them: the fact that the railway stations in this mountainous district keep bins of sand to help the engines to get a grip when climbing the steep, icy gradients. This sand has to be kept heated so that it runs freely through the tubes on to the rails just in front of the engine's driving wheel.

Hot sand! What a bed for the night, thought these colonial sparrows, and each bitter night they flocked to the bins, snuggled down up to the neck in the warm sand, and passed a night of 40 or 50 degrees below zero quite comfortably.

Grouse and Eskimo dogs will bury themselves in the snow to pass a cold night, but these perky emigrants think nothing of such old-fashioned methods. Hot sand beds are what they recommend.

THE LONGING TO KNOW From the Pit To the University

The report of the Miners Welfare National Scholarship scheme shows that ten out of the nineteen awards went to South Wales.

The story of the sacrifices made by some of the candidates to achieve their ambition reads like the romantic pages of some immortal's life-story. A 24-year-old fitter's assistant at a colliery entered the University of Wales on the strength of a loan from a friend. He had no other means, and now he has won a scholarship which will enable him to complete his course in medicine.

A man employed as a shot-firer in the pits continued working until he had saved enough for a university career, and kept going by teaching in the evenings.

The most heroic example of perseverance and self-sacrifice was that of the 27-year-old daughter of an unemployed miner. She left the elementary school at 13 but studied privately for ten years, entering a college with borrowed money. Just as the loan was exhausted comes the news that she can complete her honours degree in modern languages with the aid of a scholarship.

There were 306 candidates, or 43 per cent of the whole, from South Wales at the national examination. One candidate from the pits wished to become an astronomer; we can understand his desire to see the Sun!

Continued from the previous column

out to be a cormorant using its wings as fast-propelling paddles. With its legs stretched out behind it was hunting for fish nearly 50 feet below the surface.

Once a diver found a sunken treasure ship guarded by a real dragon of the deep. A monster fish was swimming up and down the passage that led to the strong room. It was a shark. The diver went up to the surface for some boards which he nailed over the entrance into the ship, making it smaller until the shark became frightened, wriggled out, and disappeared.

It was a hair-raising adventure, but the diver was rewarded, for he and his comrades found gold worth about £200,000 in the strong room.

THE FLYING BANDIT

Serial Story by
T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 19

Mostly About Red

"Oh," said Red calmly, "and what do you propose to do about it?"

"You know as well as I do," replied Mark in his ugliest tone.

Red, holding the wheel with his left hand, stretched out his long right arm and grasped Mark by the collar. His movement was so swift it caught the other quite unprepared, and with one sharp jerk Red brought him crashing to the deck. His head struck the planking with a force that stunned him and he lay still.

"Tie him up, Freeland," said Red. "Quick, before he recovers. Anything will do—your tie, your handkerchief."

Jock, who had been staring open-eyed at Red's amazing display of strength and speed, hastened to obey. With the little launch pitching madly in the roaring green seas it was no easy task, yet somehow he succeeded in doing it and in a matter of a very few minutes the unpleasant Mark was helpless.

"And now," said Red, "you'd better get a rope and make him fast somewhere. If we get a sea over us he'll be washed overboard. It wouldn't be much loss, but still—" he shrugged his massive shoulders and smiled.

By main force Jock lugged Mark under shelter of the deck-house and fastened him to a ring bolt. Mark had come round now and the look in his narrow eyes would have scared most boys. Jock struggled back to Red.

"Can you manage all right?" he asked. "I'm all right so long as the engine holds out. Know anything about launch engines?"

"Just enough to run one," Jock told him.

"You would," said Red, and chuckled. "Go and get your friend some tea. You can make me a mug too, if you like."

"Right, you are," said Jock, and went off as quickly.

It was no easy job, for all the time he had to hang on with one hand while he worked with the other. The wind was very nearly a full gale and the stout little launch was making very heavy weather. He managed to get Tim to drink a little tea, then he had a cup himself and a biscuit, afterwards he filled a mug, covered it with a saucer and made his way on deck again. The wind met him like a wall and the salt spray stung his face.

"Good man," said Red, as he took the mug and drained it. "How's your pal?"

"Pretty bad," Jock answered. He looked round and spotted a light to starboard. It was a revolving light by which Jock knew that it was a lighthouse and that they were making up the coast and not across the North Sea. Red, too, saw the light, and saw that Jock had seen it. He grinned again.

"So you know we're making North. That's Harwich, but we're going farther than that." His smile changed to a frown. "You're the problem, boy. If I take you where I'm going I've got to keep you there."

Jock said nothing. He knew when to keep his mouth shut. Red's big hand grasped the wheel; he seemed to steer instinctively and he did it well. But his broad forehead was wrinkled and Jock saw he was thinking hard.

"I've got it," he said at last. "I'll drop you on Waveney Spit. D'ye know it, Freeland?"

"I—I've heard of it. A Bird Sanctuary, isn't it?"

"Right. And there's a hut on it. The bird man will probably give you shelter for the night, but you'll have to chance that. Anyhow you'll find cover of some sort, and you'll need it for I think it's going to rain heavily as soon as the wind drops."

"It's jolly good of you, Red," said Jock simply, "especially after the way we've chased you."

"Oh, that's all part of the game," Red laughed. "I don't bear you any malice. I leave that to Mark and Jasper."

"I don't know how you can stick chaps like those," said Jock curtly.

"Beggars—and thieves—can't be choosers," Red's voice was suddenly bitter. "Fact is, Freeland, I was born in the wrong century. If I'd had any choice I'd have lived in the seventeenth century, when I'd have commanded a privateer." Then he suddenly changed the subject. "Look out for an occulting light, red and white. That'll be Orness and will give me my bearings. But you won't see it for half an hour yet. Meantime you might go and oil up." Jock went off at once. He knew enough of motor-

engines to attend to the oiling. Then he went to look at Tim and was very glad to find that he was asleep.

When he came on deck again the sea was as heavy as ever.

"Won't it be awkward, landing us?" he asked. "The surf will be pretty bad."

"It'll be all right," Red told him. "There's a creek which I know pretty well. And once in behind the Spit the water will be calm enough."

"The light!" Jock pointed as he spoke, but it was several seconds before Red got it.

"You've good eyes," he said. He glanced at the compass then changed course, turning several points easterly. "We'll be in the creek in half an hour," Red said, and after that fell silent. Jock wondered what thoughts were passing in the man's mind. Red was a thief. He made no bones about it. Yet he wasn't bad all through: there was a lot to like in him.

CHAPTER 20

Marooned

A LONG white line showed through the darkness ahead, and above the shriek of the wind and the hiss of driven spray came a dull thunder of sound. Jock knew it for surf breaking on the coast. The tide was making and with the wind almost dead behind them the launch travelled swiftly toward the land.

A light became visible through the gloom. Red pointed to it.

"That's the Waveney Lighthouse. It's on the hill the other side of the marshes. There's plenty of water so we'll be all right."

The roar grew louder. Huge waves were breaking on the long beaches below the towering sand dunes, but Jock, straining his eyes through the night, was able to see a gap in the line of white surf. Red headed the launch for the opening, she drove through and he turned her to starboard.

Dim to the left rose a great sand dune, and the moment she was behind it the wind was shut off, and suddenly the launch was in calm water under lee of the Point.

"Better fetch up your pal, Freeland," said Red, but Jock hesitated.

"What about you, Red? Are you going out to sea again?"

"Yes. I have a long way to go before daylight."

"And Mark?" asked Jock in a lower voice. In the light of the binnacle lamp he saw a smile cross Red's lips.

"Why, I believe you're getting worried, Freeland."

"I am; that chap's dangerous."

Red's face hardened. "I can handle him," he said briefly. "Fetch up your friend."

Poor Tim was very white-faced and tottery as he came on deck, but now that the motion had ceased he was quickly recovering. The launch lay close under a steep bank of sand and shingle, and Red directed Jock to run out the gang-plank while he held the little ship in position.

"The hut's about a quarter of a mile down the Spit. You can't miss it. Have you a torch?"

"I've a torch all right. I say, won't you wait here a bit till the wind goes down?"

"No; I can't risk being caught by daylight. Goodbye, Freeland. I don't suppose I shall see you again, so I'll wish you luck."

"Oh, I think we'll meet again quite soon," said Jock. "Goodbye, Red, and good luck."

He and Tim scrambled ashore, shoved back the plank, and waited while the launch turned seaward again.

"What made you say that, Jock?" Tim asked abruptly.

"Say what?"

"About meeting Red again."

"I don't quite know," said Jock slowly. "But come on. I think Red was right, and it'll rain floods as soon as the wind drops."

By the light of Jock's torch they made their way along the beach.

They had not gone far before they came to a few planks on trestles running out into the creek.

"This must be the keeper's landing-place," said Jock. "Yes, here's a path of sorts."

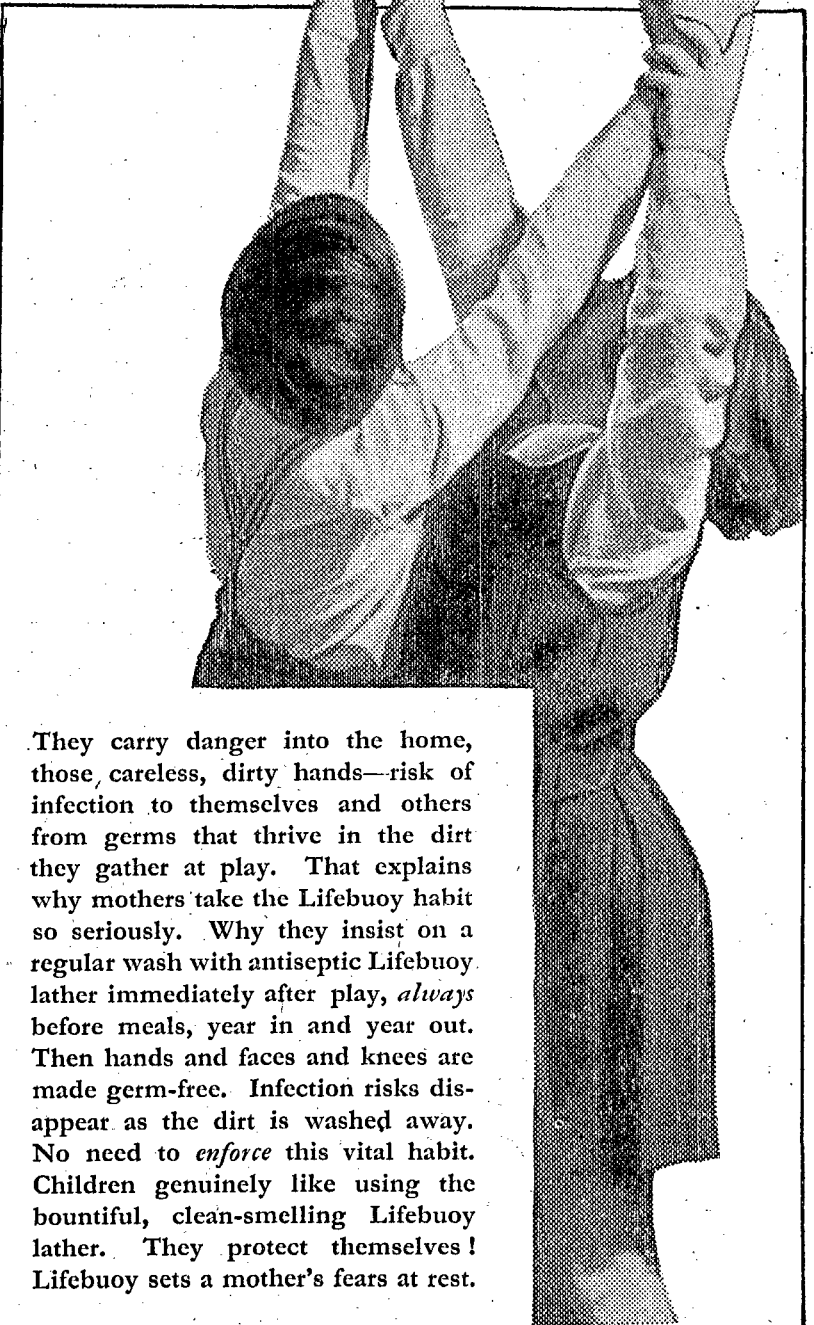
The path led inland, and in a hollow among the dunes they found a small wooden house. It was built of well-tarred wood and the roof was corrugated iron. There was no light in the windows.

"Keeper's away," said Jock. "I hope we can get in."

Tim tried the door. It was locked. They tried the windows, but they, too, were closed and shuttered.

Continued on the next page

HANDS point to DANGER



They carry danger into the home, those careless, dirty hands—risk of infection to themselves and others from germs that thrive in the dirt they gather at play. That explains why mothers take the Lifebuoy habit so seriously. Why they insist on a regular wash with antiseptic Lifebuoy lather immediately after play, *always* before meals, year in and year out. Then hands and faces and knees are made germ-free. Infection risks disappear as the dirt is washed away. No need to enforce this vital habit. Children genuinely like using the bountiful, clean-smelling Lifebuoy lather. They protect themselves! Lifebuoy sets a mother's fears at rest.

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CREMONA
it's good
Toffee!

Try "RED BOY" Chocolate Assortment

JACKO IN A HURRY

"It's no good," said Jock. "I could break in, but I don't like to. Let's try that shed behind."

"Anything for cover, for here's, the rain," said Tim.

Big drops spattered their faces as they bolted into the shed. It was a bare, comfortless place, but it kept them dry. They found a bundle of marram grass, spread it against the wall, and sat on it, while the wind whistled overhead and gusts of rain lashed the roof.

"What's the time?" Tim asked; and Jock, looking at his wrist-watch, found it was only just after two.

"Four hours to daylight. What price a wink of sleep, Tim?"

"Good notion," agreed Tim; and they lay down back to back on their scanty couch of grass and were soon asleep.

Tim was the first to wake. It was dawn and still blowing hard, while the sky was thick with cloud. It was colder too, and Tim shivered as he looked out at the barren sand dunes and the broad creek covered with white caps. Jock roused. He, too, was cold.

"A cup of hot cocoa wouldn't come amiss, eh, Tim?" he grinned.

"Don't talk about it," groaned Tim. "I'm empty as a drum."

"Afraid we've got a long tramp before breakfast. It's four miles down the Spit and along the sea wall to the village, so Red told me."

Tim stood up. "Then let's get to it," was all he said, and the two tramped away.

"Have you got any money?" Jock asked. Tim felt in his pockets and produced three shillings and ninepence.

"That's the lot," he said. "It's enough to buy breakfast, anyhow."

Jock shook his head.

"We shall have to use part of it to wire to Finch at Colchester. We've got to get back there as quick as we can."

"Why?"

"Red's hidden the emeralds either in the cave or in the wood. I heard Mark ask if he thought they were safe."

Tim frowned. "That's funny. You'd think he'd have taken them with him."

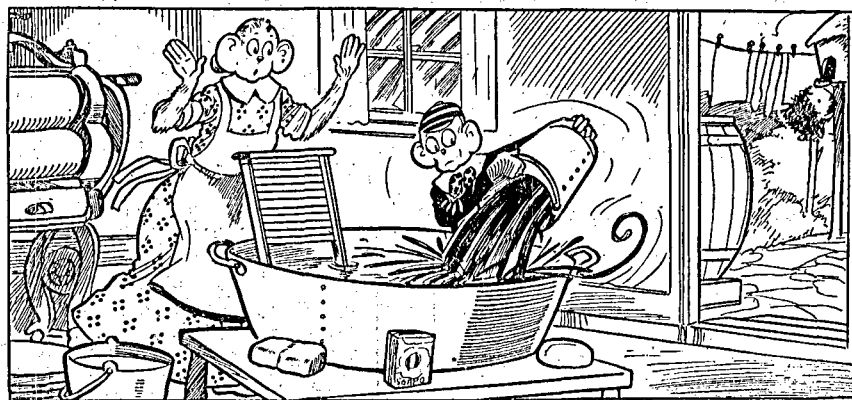
"Yes. But I think he knows the police are looking for him, and perhaps believes he'll be safer if they catch him and don't find anything on him."

Continued in the last column

JACKO's Big Brother Adolphus was causing his mother a great deal of annoyance.

He had lately bought a second-hand shed from a friend, and had put it up at the end of the garden to make a garage for his small car.

But the car was so dazzlingly new that it made the shed look even more shabby than when he had bought it.



Jacko lifted up the pail and shot in the contents

Adolphus felt it was no fit home for his latest treasure.

So he decided to get some paint and brighten it up.

Jacko was delighted at the prospect, and offered his assistance.

It wasn't accepted.

"You keep out of the way," said Adolphus. "If I catch you round I'll make you sorry."

Jacko's face dropped. He looked so disappointed that his mother said:

"Never mind, dear. I know how fond of painting you are. You shall paint the rain-water tub for me. I'll ask them to make up some paint and send it along."

But Jacko didn't wait for that. He rushed to the oil and colour shop and chose the brightest green paint he could find, and carried it home with him.

Mother, Jacko wasn't too pleased when Jacko trotted in with the pail in one hand and a brush in the other.

"You mustn't start today," she said. "It's washing day and I'm busy; you'll be in my way."

And she sent him off on an errand.

"Oh, before you go," she called out, "you can bring me some soft water from the rain-water tub."

Jacko swung round, snatched up a pail, and ran out into the garden.

The rain-water tub stood just outside the door. One dip and the pail was full.

"Here, Jacko!" cried his mother. "Tip it in."

Back came Jacko, lifted up the pail and shot the contents into the big tub on the kitchen table.

Mother Jacko screamed. And no wonder. The water was bright green! Jacko had picked up the wrong pail.

"I expect you're right. But I say, Jock, we'll have to get back in a hurry if we want to find the stones."

"Just what I'm saying. That's why we must wire for Finch. He'll come with the plane and take us back in no time. Another reason is because of Mark. If he gets half a chance he'll slide back and collar the emeralds. I wouldn't trust him an inch."

"He looks a nasty sort of chap," agreed Tim. "All right, Jock, we'll sink a shilling on a telegram, but that only leaves us two and nine to live on till Finch comes."

"It'll buy quite a lot of bread and cheese," Jock comforted him. "Come on."

They had passed the big dunes which formed the northern end of the Spit, and were now travelling along a narrower, more level stretch. The wind beat upon them, and the sand whistled past in an endless drift. It was very hard going. The Spit grew more and more narrow, but the light was growing stronger and they could see the village in the distance stretching up a hillside, with a big church at the back. Half a mile farther was the dyke or sea wall which protected the wide, green marshes from the inroads of the sea.

"It'll be better walking when we get on to that," said Jock comfortingly, as they floundered on through the sand.

Tim looked round at his friend.

"Are you sure this isn't an island?" he said. "It looks to me as if there was water between us and the sea wall."

"Can't be," Jock answered. "Red said it was a spit of land and that we could walk to the village."

But though he spoke stoutly he had his doubts, for he could distinctly see the grey gleam of waves between them and the wall.

Another hundred yards and there was no longer any doubt. There was a gap quite fifty yards wide in the narrowest part of the Spit through which great waves were breaking with tremendous force. The boys pulled up short.

"It's the storm that has done it," said Jock soberly. "It's broken through the Spit."

"It doesn't matter what's done it," said Tim sharply. "Our trouble is that we're marooned. The Spit's an island and we can't get off it."

TO BE CONTINUED

Baked Jam Roll!

Hugon's ATORA

The Good BEEF SUET

makes the nicest Baked Jam Roll you ever tasted—
crisp, delicious, most nourishing. And it's very simple
to make — only three-quarters of an hour's baking
with 'ATORA.'

RECIPE

½ lb. Flour. ¼ lb. Shredded 'Atora.'
Teaspoonful Baking Powder. Pinch of Salt.

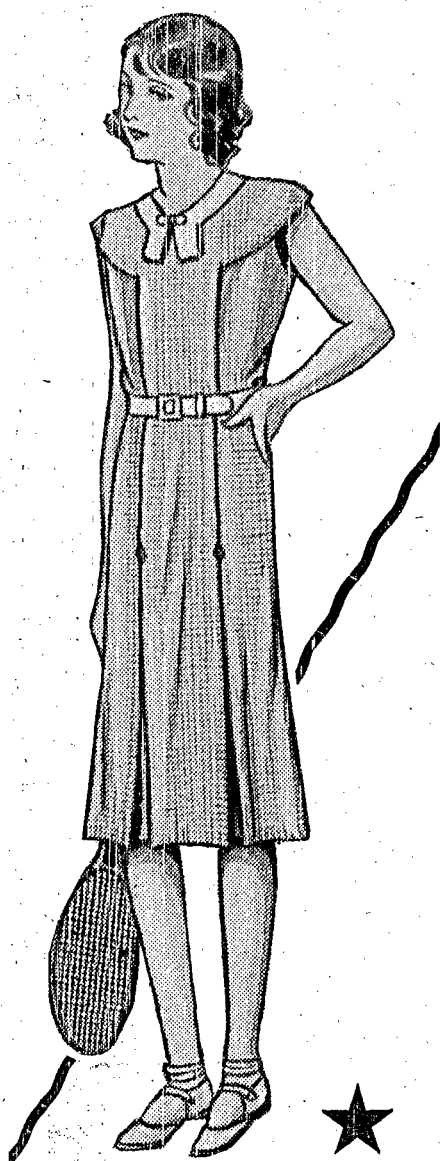
Mix the baking powder and salt with the flour, then rub in the 'Atora.' (In cold weather the Suet should be slightly warmed before using, but not melted). Add enough water to make a stiff paste, roll out thin, and spread over with jam or marmalade. Roll over (sealing up ends by turning them in), damp edges and pinch together. Bake for about ¾ hour in a greased tin. Serve hot. Sufficient for 6 persons.

This inexpensive recipe is taken from the 'Atora' Book of 100 tested recipes. Send a postcard for a copy, post free from Hugon & Co., Ltd., Manchester.



FREE PATTERN

for this pretty
TENNIS FROCK!



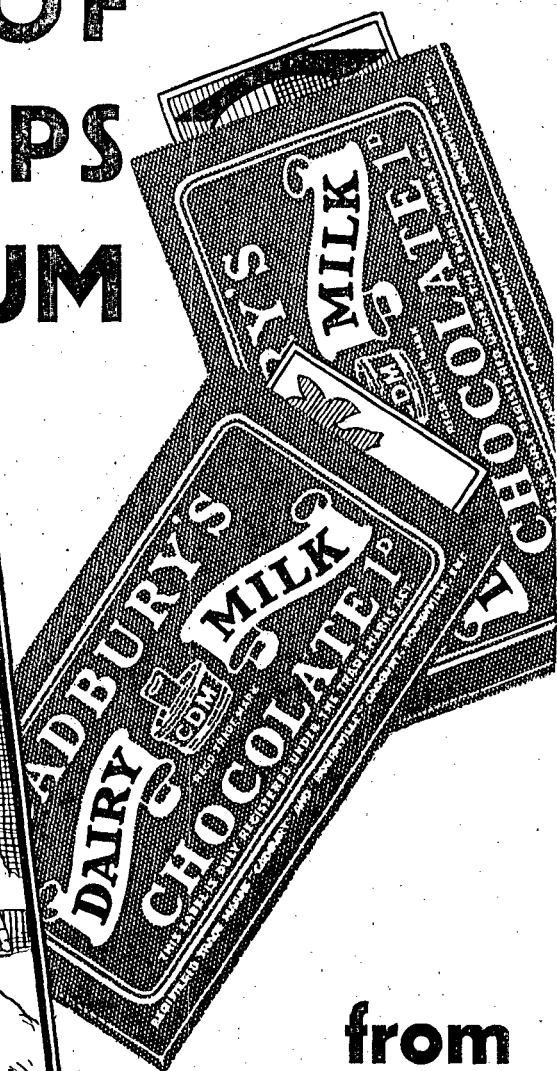
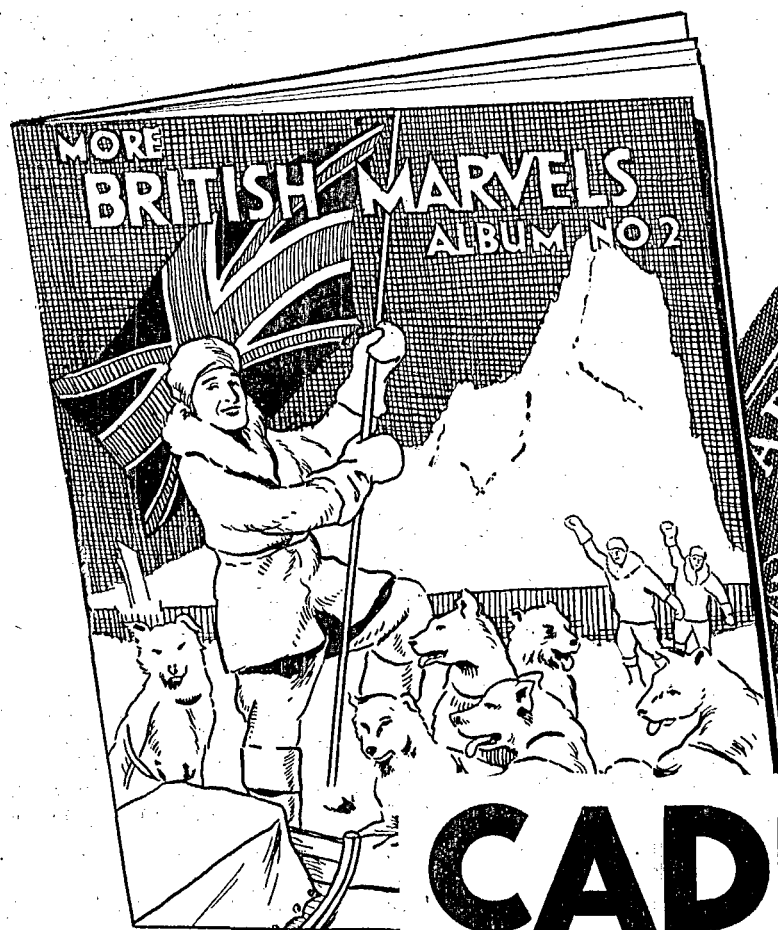
MAKE yourself this pretty Frock! In plain white cotton or washing silk it is ideal for tennis, or it can be made up in checked gingham for everyday Summer wear. This book shows you how to do it at little cost, and gives you hosts of other designs—frocks for the home and tennis court, for holiday wear and visiting. A good selection of wrap coats is included, too, and you will find all the designs quite simple, and easy to follow. Ask for

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SUMMER WEAR**

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The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

May 27, 1933

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN TUB

X and Y

If we divide X by Y and get 4, and subtract Y from X and get 4, what are the values of X and Y?

Answer next week

Heath and Woodland Fires

THE Forestry Commissioners point out that no fewer than 252 fires occurred in State plantations alone in England and Wales last year.

The best weapon with which to fight a heath or woodland fire is a green birch or other bough used as a beater.

Columbus and the Telescope

THIRTY years ago the islands of St Kitts and Nevis in the West Indies first issued a postage stamp showing Christopher Columbus standing on the deck of a ship and looking through a telescope. Columbus died in 1506 and the first practical telescope was not invented until a hundred years later.



What Bird is This?

IN the wish but not in the hope, In the string but not in the rope, In the width but not in the girth, In the glee but not in the mirth, In the slope but not in the ramp, In the torch but not in the lamp, In the branch but not in the tree, Complete a wild duck of land and sea.

Answer next week

Cleaning a Clock

If your clock stops do not hurry off to a repairer with it under the impression that it is broken, for it may be that it is merely clogged with dust.

To make sure of this soak a piece of cottonwool in paraffin and put it in the clock case just under the works. The oil will collect the dirt from the works, and if that is all that was wrong it will be found that in a day or two the clock will go again.

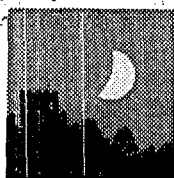
Ici On Parle Français



Le tisonnier sert à attiser le feu. Le faisan est originaire d'Orient. Les orateurs montent à la tribune.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Saturn is in the South. In the evening Mars, Jupiter, and Neptune are in the South-West. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 9 p.m. on Wednesday, May 31.



An Arithmetical Mystery

TWICE ten are six of us, Six are but three of us, Nine are but four of us, What can we possibly be? Would you know more of us, Twelve are but six of us, Five are but four, do you see?

Answer next week

Rain Which Does Not Reach the Earth

AIRMEN flying high often come into a rainstorm, yet on the ground there may have been no break in the fine weather. This is due to the fact that the layers of air closer to the ground are extremely dry and warm. As the raindrops descend through the dry, hot air they evaporate and never get to the ground. In the long, dry spell of 1921 flyingmen frequently reported quite heavy rain in the upper air, but

this did not reach the parched earth, where it was so badly needed, except in very small quantities. Rain gauges on the tops of New York skyscrapers always record a heavier rainfall than is noted on the ground.

A Theatre Problem

IN a theatre there are five hundred seats all priced at 3s 6d each. The performance plays to a full house for five days, but on Saturday morning the manager discovers that in spite of this he is losing money. So for the Saturday show he decides to increase the price of a block of seats nearest to the stage from 3s 6d. to 5s. His company is so popular that he knows he will be able to sell every seat priced at 5s.

In order to clear himself of loss he requires to take £103 8s on these five hundred seats. What is the number that he must raise to 5s?

Answer next week

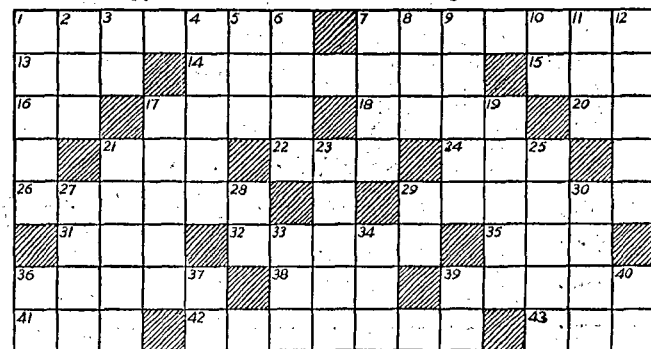
LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

The Two Workmen. Six days. (Smith's day's work takes Brown a day and a half; so Smith works half as fast again as Brown. He therefore does three-fifths of the whole work, which is one-tenth over the half of it. This takes Smith one day; so that the three-fifths he actually did took 6 days.)

A Charade. Flower-bed
A Curious Thing. Shadow

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 50 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



Reading Across. 1. Allowance for past services. 7. Cooked. 13. Skill. 14. Precious stone. 15. Shout of welcome or farewell. 16. Compass point. 17. Tiller. 18. To guide. 20. Printer's measure. 21. Large snake. 22. Measure of length. 24. A seed case. 26. To enlist. 29. Stretch tightly. 31. Help. 32. A cat of the jungle. 35. Star. 36. Wash lightly. 38. Coniferous tree. 39. Seat. 41. A beverage. 42. To throw away. 43. Definite article.

Reading Down. 1. Soft plastic mixture. 2. Before. 3. Part of the Bible. 4. Perfect. 5. Will not mix with water. 6. Nominate. 7. Move by turning over and over. 8. A unit. 9. To make suitable. 10. Territorial Army. 11. Mother of all. 12. A supernatural being. 17. Head coverings. 19. Young cod. 21. Salt water. 23. The science of reasoning. 25. Intimide. 27. Small metal spike. 28. Low Tension. 29. A great railway. 30. Scottish name for small island. 33. Irish Free State. 34. Period of time. 36. Great art exhibition. 37. Editor. 39. Bachelor of Divinity. 40. Personal pronoun.

Dr MERRYMAN

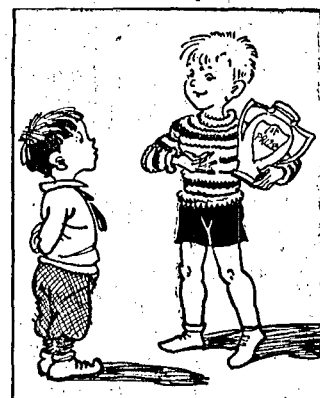
Not What He Meant

THEY had been chums together at school, but had not met for some time. "And where have you been for the last four or five years?" asked the young stockbroker. "Oh, at college, taking medicine," replied the student. "And are you quite better now?"

He Forgot Himself

HE was applying for the post of a demonstrator at a trade exhibition. "Have you ever spoken before a large assembly?" he was asked. "Yes, sir." "And what did you say?" "Not guilty."

The Jumper



JIM won the jumping And proudly admitted Twas due to the jumper His mother had knitted.

Awkward

JACK: What is troubling you, Grandpa? Grandpa: I've lost my glasses, my boy, and I can't look for them until I've found them.

Gone But Not Forgotten

BINKS had invested in a beautiful new car. "Nice car," remarked Jinks. "What does it feel like to ride in it after the other?" "Fine," said Binks, "but I miss the spluttering and rattling and have to look round occasionally to make sure the thing is still with me."

Well and Truly Laundered

HE was reading the evening paper. "The latest men's wear novelty," he read aloud. "A buttonless shirt." "A novelty?" he repeated incredulously. "Why, I've known that kind for many years."

HELP FOR

THE LITTLE FOLKS HOME

BEXHILL

(where sick and injured little children get well).

Contributions received in response to your Editor's appeal since 7th April, 1933.

Miss Tatton Brown	£ 4 0 0	Miss M. Perry	£ 2 5 0
1st Bishop Wal-	0 0 0	Miss Joyce Bowden	2 0 0
tham Rangers	7 6	Miss E. Davies	15 0 0
Miss Lumley	10 0	F. M. C. S.W.16	5 0 0
W. M. D. Stuart	10 0	Miss K. Polden	10 0 0
1st Form High	0 0	Miss E. Stott	5 0 0
School, Kidder-	0 0	Mrs. Clarke	5 0 0
minster	6 6	Miss F. Soffner	1 0 0
The Misses Jack-	0 0	Mrs. Boswell	3 0 0
son	10 0	Friend	3 0 0
Miss G. Niven	1 0 0	Miss A. R. Rowley	2 12 6
Mrs. Moss	2 0	Miss P. Amy	14 1 0
Brownes of Orchard	0 0	Elizabeth Morgan	14 1 0
School Pack	4 7 3	Mrs. Moira	10 0 0
Miss M. Warwicker	5 0 0	W. Lewcock	5 0 0
Miss G. Butter-	0 0	Babara Newton	5 0 0
worth	1 6	Miss N. Pearce	5 0 0
Kenneth Burroughs	5 0	Miss Fletcher	5 0 0
Miss P. Stevenson	5 0	Thomas Moss	11 0 0
Miss N. Banks	7 6	Doreen Coates	1 10 0
Mrs. Miller	2 2 0	Anon (no address)	1 10 0
Miss M. J. Griffiths	5 0	Bridget Gardiner	7 6 0
Miss D. Evans	1 0	Ana McMurty	6 0 0
A "C" Reader,	0 0	Stella Willett	1 0 0
Cambridge	5 0	Mrs. Castella	2 0 0
		Rosemary Hudson	0 0 0

Total received to 13th May, 1933: £181 8 10.

A PROBLEM.

£181 in 4½ months means £500 in a year.

£3,300 a year is required to maintain the Home for a year.

Question.—Will C.N. Readers see to it that the big gap is filled?

Answer.—The answer only you can give.

Please send your contribution now to—

**THE SUNSHINE LADY,
THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR
CHILDREN,
HACKNEY ROAD, LONDON, E.2,
or
Write to her for a collecting box.**

CLEAN
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TEETH
AFTER
EVERY
MEAL



By cleaning your teeth after eating you guard them against decay, which brings toothache and pain.

If you wish to keep your teeth white and sparkling all your life, clean them after every meal with Euthymol Tooth Paste.

Fill in and post the coupon below and a free sample tube will be sent to you.

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Kills Dental Decay Germs in 30 Seconds.

BE WISE

COUPON—To Euthymol, Dept. 81/20,
50, Beak Street, London, W.1.

Free of all charge please send a week's sample tube of Euthymol Tooth Paste.

Name.....

Address.....

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE.

EUTHYMOLISE

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

MARY watched Mother making cakes for the party, and wished she was big enough to help. Mother must have guessed her thoughts, for she said: "You would feel it really was your party if you did something toward it, wouldn't you?"

Mary nodded eagerly.

"Make some biscuits, please, Mummy," she said. "Then I can stamp them out."

"I'm afraid I haven't time," said Mother. "I wanted to make jumbles, but the big iced cake has taken so long."

"Jumbles?" said Mary.

"They are the sweet biscuits that my father used to bring us home from the fair," Mother explained. "But I've an idea, Mary! You can

cut out letters to make the name of each little girl who is coming to tea. This shortbread mixture will be fine



She lifted them carefully

for that! Tuck up your sleeves and start at once."

Mary did not need to be told twice.

"And I can put the names on plates, can't I?" she said.

"Then they will all see where they are to sit."

"That's right," said Mother, and the two cooks worked busily.

Mary lifted her letters very carefully on the blade of a big knife and set them on the baking sheet.

When the letters were cooked to a lovely golden brown, and had cooled on the big wire tray, Mary set about getting them in position on the tea plates. They looked splendid: ROSEMARY, EILEEN, DIANA, JOYCE.

Mother picked up the tray; but as she got to the hall Spot, the lively puppy, ran against her. Mother held on to the tray, but the plates rattled together, and when she set it down Mary's care-

fully arranged names were all mixed up.

"There are jumbles for you now!" said Mother. "Never mind, dear; it won't take long to sort them out."

"I think I'll leave them like this, and see who can pick out her own name and arrange the letters in the right order first," said Mary. "It will make a fine game to start off the party."

"So it will," said Mother, and the little guests, when they came, agreed that it was great fun. Joyce was the first to arrange her name, but they all agreed that the letters were too nice to eat up quickly, and at the end of the evening they declared it had been the jolliest party a little girl could wish to attend.

JUMBLES